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Abridged Report from The London Times, Saturday, October 22, 1910

The Encyclopædia Britannica

THE NEW EDITION

A DINNER was held at Claridge's Hotel last night, by invitation of the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on the occasion of the undertaking by the University of the publication of the new (eleventh) edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The Chancellor (Lord Rayleigh) presided, and among those present were the following officers of the University:

The Vice-Chancellor (Mr. Scott, the Master of St. John's), the representatives in Parliament (Messrs. Butcher and Rawlinson), the Master of Corpus Christi, the Master of Downing, the Master of Gonville, and Caius, the Provost of King's, the Master of Magdalene, the Master of Pembroke, the Master of Peterhouse, the Master of St. Catherine's, the Master of Selwyn, Sir Clifford Allbutt, Sir Robert Ball, Sir George Darwin, Sir James Dewar, and Sir Joseph Larmor.

Among the other guests were the American Ambassador, the Bishop of Ely, the Chancellor of the University of Manchester (Lord Morley), the Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen (Lord Strathcona), Lord Gorell, Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, Lord Justice Buckley, Sir Alfred Lyall, Mr. Alfred Lyttleton, M.P.; the Vice-Chancellors of the Universities of London, Manchester, Wales, and Glasgow, the Principal of the University of London, the editor (Mr. Chisholm) and staff of the Encyclopædia Britannica, the secretary (Mr. Wright) and staff of the University Press, Sir William Crookes, Sir A. Geikie, the Hon. Arthur Elliot, the Hon. C. A. Parsons, Sir Harold Harmsworth, Sir Ray Lankester, Sir Wm. Ramsay, Mr. Moberly Bell, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Sedgwick, and Mr. Andrew Lang.

The Chancellor, in proposing the toast of "The King," announced that his Majesty had consented to accept the dedication of the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica [cheers], and that the President of the United States had also accepted a similar dedication.

The President of the British Academy (Mr. S. H. Butcher, M.P.) proposed the toast of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He said, in part, that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" was a very remarkable book in its traditions. The first edition went back 140 years, but the eleventh edition had now passed into the hands of the University of Cambridge. It was to come out in 29 volumes; it had 27,000 pages, 40,000 articles, and more than 1,500 contributors. These contributors were men of great distinction, not only in this country, but all over the world; and with its India paper and some other of its physical characteristics, the weight of the 29 volumes was 80 lbs., all the volumes being compressed into a space of about two feet. [Laughter and cheers.] How did this book come into existence? Who made it what it was? Who had created this new edition? It was more than a new edition; they might say that it had been rewritten as compared with the ninth or tenth edition; and the work was due to the editor, Mr. Chisholm, perhaps, also with the help of his assistant, Mr. Philips. He had been silently at work on this edition for eight years, and had been able to produce an edition which was a quite original thing in the history of encyclopædias. He had obtained the help of expert advisers, and through the aid of *The Times* had been able to establish relations with all the world. It seemed to him that there were two interesting and original features of this new edition. The first was that the book would be a complete and uniform whole. Through all these eight years the editor had kept all the parts of the book in relation one with the other. He had kept in touch with the contributors, and had made them know what the other collaborators were doing. He so set to work that the book received a structural unity of its own. This was the first novel feature of the "Encyclopædia," because hitherto each volume had been a distinct and separate unit. Now for the first time the book, though of immense variety, was a unit. Hitherto there had been curious inconsistencies and discordant articles introduced into different volumes. They had this peculiar result from such an intellectual creation which had come into existence during an interval of fourteen or fifteen years. There was now an end of that irregularity, and this was a very great achievement. For the first time they had a real book, a book with structural unity, not a set of discordant monographs.

The second characteristic of the new "Encyclopædia" was that it kept pace with the forward movement and march of progress, and with the spirit of expansion in every domain of knowledge. They were aware that in the last thirty or forty years every form of knowledge had gone ahead at an extraordinary and accelerated rate, not only in the physical sciences, but in humanistic science—history, literature, and archæology. In order, therefore, to bring this "Encyclopædia" up to date, it was necessary to revise the old one and even to rewrite it from the beginning. The new book, therefore, was no longer a mere record of the past, but it was to some extent an anticipation of future discoveries. It gave not only an insight into the past, but it gave a foresight of the future, a spirit of progressiveness, and a display of the enlargement of all the boundaries of knowledge. Surely, that was a splendid result to achieve, a splendid hope to have opened up. He observed in the list of contributors the names of writers belonging to the organized societies representing knowledge, some of the best men we had. There was, moreover, no limit of nationality in the selection of writers. Some of the 1,500 writers belonged to the Colonies, India, the United States, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, and even Japan. Those who had planned the book, therefore, and carried it through to completion, had done so inspired with the progressive spirit of science, having devoted to every branch of knowledge the kind of spirit which many would naturally feel might only belong to the more rapidly advancing forms of physical science. He believed that Cambridge was a fitting home for the new "Encyclopædia." The University was a living organism; its roots were in the past; it was a thing of gradual growth; it looked on to-day and to-morrow; and its hopes stretched out into the future. He expressed the hope that by possessing and controlling such a book as this Cambridge might become—more than it ever had in the past—an inspiring centre of world-wide intellectual life, and able to carry out not only its national but also its international function. [Cheers.]

Mr. Hugh Chisholm, who was cordially greeted, while warmly thanking Mr. Butcher for the kind things he had said about him individually, insisted that it was in his representative rather than his personal capacity that this very remarkable compliment was paid him. During the last seven or eight years he had been at the head of what had been really, though unrecognized by the world, a sort of college of research, because he knew that the sort of book they wanted to bring out could not be made without it. An encyclopædia was, of necessity, in a way, a coöperative work, but the mere collecting of the work of a number of different distinguished authors did not make a work really co-operative. What they had done in the

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The Encyclopædia Britannica

THE NEW EDITION

case of this particular edition was to make it really coöperative through the instrumentality of his editorial staff. It was universally recognized that the Ninth Edition, in spite of the faults that were due to the method of its compilation, was, on its merits, a very fine edition indeed, and he had certainly endeavoured not to lower the ideals of Robertson Smith and the editors of those days. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" was never a mere reference book. The various editions of it had been among the actual sources through which progress had been attained, in the exposition of many important branches of knowledge, and they had attempted to maintain that tradition in the present edition. But while keeping it an authoritative book and a collection of contributions from men who were making progress in all the subjects of knowledge, they had made it a very much better reference book than it was, and had given, he thought, a broader interpretation to the general principle. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" long ago ceased to be purely Scottish, but it still remained in the Ninth Edition a predominantly and rather narrowly British book. It took an entirely British point of view in a great number of subjects. The phrase in some of its articles, "in this country," meaning England, rather represented a certain mental attitude on the part of the contributors. The idea which ran through the whole of the new edition was that British interests were best served by giving the reader all the relevant information about any subject, whether it affected foreign countries or the homeland. Every single subject in the new edition was treated in what was really the only proper method, the comparative method. The book was not written purely for Englishmen, although his own feeling was that British interests covered the whole world. The important thing was to give the English-speaking peoples an insight of what was going on in other countries. That was done in a capricious way in the Ninth Edition in the legal articles, but they carried out that principle in every sort of article in the new edition. He believed that Cambridge, by disseminating through all its educational channels the contents of this book, would really be doing a great work to advance popular culture and to give a real impetus to the desire for accurate knowledge.

The American Ambassador, in reply to the toast of "The Guests," with which his name was associated, said he thought there was a general consensus of opinion among the scholars of the world that the one Encyclopædia to which they all looked for the most comprehensive, the most complete statement of facts relating to any particular subject, was the great "Encyclopædia" with which they had to do that night. He thought, also, that there was very general satisfaction among the scholars of the world that this great work of reference was passing now from private control and from private editorship into the hands and under the responsibility of one of the two great Universities which for so many centuries had been the home of national, and perhaps he might venture to say, international scholarship. There was a certain satisfaction, too, in feeling that it had passed under the control of the University of Cambridge—that one of the two great Universities which was popularly regarded at least as being specially given to scientific accuracy of investigation and to mathematical precision of statement. Those were the very qualities for which they looked most of all in a book of reference. A great scholar of Cambridge some centuries ago said that he proposed to take all knowledge as his province. The boundaries of human knowledge since that time had been enormously expanded, and no great son of Cambridge would now venture to say that he took all knowledge as his province. He might, perhaps, aspire to know everything about some one thing; he certainly could only hope after that to come up to what was an American definition of education—to know something about everything. But the one great work to which they all did go if they wanted to know something about everything was the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Far be it from him to say that there was not a very large class of subjects on which American encyclopædias were not better. He meant to say subjects in which Americans were specially interested. Perhaps to that extent their encyclopædias were one-sided. He did believe, however, that it was the general judgment of the scholars and investigators of the world that the one book to which they could go for the most complete, comprehensive, thorough and absolutely precise statements of fact upon every subject of human interest was the one for which the University of Cambridge was henceforth to be responsible to the world of letters. It was difficult to enhance the authority of the great work the University had taken in charge. But if there was one thing which could be done to enhance its reputation they had done it. They had secured the authority to send it out to the world not only under their own *imprimatur*, but bearing the great names of the two chief executives who divided between them the government of the—he had almost said the undivided and indivisible English-speaking race—a race which was united in its history, united in its language, united in its pride in the past, and united in its hopes and aspirations for the future. [Cheers.]

The President of the Royal Society (Sir Archibald Geikie) submitted the toast of "The University of Cambridge."

The Chancellor (Lord Rayleigh), in reply, said that what, perhaps, came home to him most in connection with the new edition of the "Encyclopædia" was the great advantage it would enjoy from the nearly simultaneous publication of the various volumes. Many of them might remember the absurd results which might arise from piecemeal publication as given by, he believed, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. He described the case of a person who, having come across only one of the early volumes, knew everything about the Alps and the Andes, but had never heard of the Himalayas or the Rocky Mountains. Continuing, the Chancellor said that his connection with the "Encyclopædia Britannica" went back some little time. He knew the former editor, Dr. Robertson Smith, who said that if he wanted an article of a serious character, inspired by wide and accurate knowledge, he generally looked for a Cambridge man as the author. It was implied, if not directly stated, that if he wanted a more general or ornamental treatment he might turn to the sister University. This was one of the matters in which, he thought, they might learn something from the sister University. At Cambridge they needed and were proud of their specialists, but even a specialist was none the worse for having command of language and grace of style.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1910.

The Week.

The Democratic national platforms of 1900, 1904, and 1908 each contained a declaration in favor of the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people. That public sentiment in support of this project has been steadily growing in the past ten years is undeniable. In the next Congress, the House of Representatives will be fully in the control of the Democrats, and the Senate will be so constituted that a majority can be easily commanded by them upon any proposition which could have the support of the progressive wing of the Republicans. Of course, a majority is not two-thirds, but the time will have arrived when a proposal to submit to the States a constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of Senators by the people will be in all ways opportune. Indeed, if the amendment were put forward by the Democrats, the Republicans in the Senate could not oppose it without furnishing to the other side a very acceptable bit of campaign material for the impending Presidential campaign. Campaign pledges, the merit of the case, and calculations of party expediency, therefore, all conspire to point to this move as part of the coming programme of the Democratic party.

From the very centre of Southern manufacturing industry, from Birmingham, Ala., the Pittsburgh of the South, comes a clear pronouncement for a "tariff for revenue only." In addition to declaring for this principle, Representative Underwood adds that in his judgment such a tariff would cover "the difference in the labor cost of most manufactured articles at home and abroad." As for protecting profits, Mr. Underwood declares that he is opposed to it, "believing that to protect profits means to protect monopoly." His position as ranking Democratic member—after Champ Clark, the leader of the party—both in the Committee on Rules and the Committee on Ways and Means, gives special importance to this statement of position, made so promptly after the election which gives the Democrats the next House by a large majority. That matter of the difference in cost of production, which the Republicans are now using as the second line of intrenchments for their tariff system, has got to be taken up before long by the Democrats. It is therefore worth noting that in this early utterance on the subject, by a man in a position of great influence in the House and representing a district which may be supposed to be more protectionist than any other in the South, two points are made that look away from the revised Republican doctrine. In the first place, Mr. Underwood indicates that industries must take their chances under the tariff-for-revenue plan; it is only "*most* manufactures" for which the difference in labor cost would be covered by the tariff, and the others must make the best of what they can get. And secondly, he declares that protection of profits is not entitled to any consideration at all.

Judge Baldwin of Connecticut is bearing himself as well after election as does Gov.-elect Dix. The citizens of New Haven desired to make a public demonstration in honor of Judge Baldwin's election, but he announces that his personal wishes are against anything of the kind. His preference is that his friends should wait till it is seen how he discharges his duties as Governor. He still clings to his purpose to "teach an ex-President some law," but the main thing he has on his mind is preparation for his official labors. All told, Judge Baldwin is exhibiting all of the dignity and good sense that were to have been expected of him. One thing to his credit is that he refused, though a man of means, to contribute a large sum to his own campaign. He gave a total of $4,000, which compares favorably with the $20,000 expenses sworn to by Gov. Lilley of Connecticut, and the even larger amounts paid out by other candidates for the Governorship.

One Republican victory has escaped due notice in the turmoil of the disasters which the party suffered elsewhere. The election of Robert P. Bass as Governor of New Hampshire was a significant triumph for Winston Churchill. His campaign of reform, begun in the summer of 1904, has thus received an emphatic and decisive endorsement. It is reasonable to infer that, had it not been for the persistent work of Mr. Churchill, there would have been a Democratic victory in New Hampshire. The success of Bass means the fulfilment of Mr. Churchill's ambition "to clean up" the Republican party in New Hampshire without disrupting it. In a speech at Portsmouth three years ago he announced, to the dismay of the machine leaders hoping for his final discouragement, that he was engaged in a crusade to which he was willing to give twenty years of his life.

Gov. Carroll of Iowa, himself a standpatter, just reëlected by a greatly reduced majority, has naturally turned to his own faction of the party for a Senator to succeed the late Mr. Dolliver. In appointing Mr. Young, the editor of a Des Moines newspaper which has strongly and consistently opposed the Iowa insurgents, the Governor has certainly not made a conciliatory move. He might have sought a neutral man, not actively identified with either element—if such a man there be in Iowa. Of course, the appointment is only temporary. The Legislature will in the end elect, and presumably will not elect Mr. Young, unless he should experience a change of heart. In any event, Senator Cummins will remain at the head of his party in Iowa, and will be in a position to push his avowed candidacy for the Presidency.

Mixed feelings will be aroused by the defeat of Senator Beveridge in Indiana, but, on the whole, his retirement will cause little regret. He voted against his party on the tariff bill, but in Beveridge's insurgency there was always a suspicion of acting and of expediency. His attitude on the other great public questions which came up during his two terms in the Senate often lacked the appearance of settled conviction and entire sincerity; while his inordinate vanity and constant thrusting of himself to the front, along with the iterative drip of his oratory, had caused most people in Washington to become very weary of him. That sense of fatigue seems also to have reached Indiana. Even Roosevelt, before rushing to the scene to ex-

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tend his fatal aid to Beveridge, had spoken of him as "the lesser evil"; and the people of Indiana appear to have become much more sure of the evil than of the lesser.

Neither cost of living, nor tariff, nor Roosevelt, nor Republican extravagance was in the minds of the Tennessee voters, the absorbing question there being the issue raised by Gov. Patterson in his pardon of the slayer of Carmack, the insulting defiance of the Supreme Court of the State with which it was accompanied, and the subsequent coercion which he attempted when some of the judges came up for renomination. The depth of feeling which this conduct aroused was manifested by an alliance of protesting Democrats with the Republicans, in support of Hooper, the Republican nominee for Governor. So formidable did this alliance show itself to be that Patterson, who had been nominated by the regular Democrats for re-election, voluntarily withdrew from the contest, and his place on the regular ticket was taken by Robert L. Taylor. But this move, after the Democratic indignation movement had got full headway, did not serve to bring the anti-Patterson Democrats back into the fold. The rebuke had been earned, and they were determined to administer it, whether to the original culprit or his proxy. The outcome at the polls showed plainly enough that Patterson would have been snowed under if he had remained in the field. When Tennessee elects a Republican Governor in token of its resentment for abuse of the pardoning power and for disrespect to the courts, it is evident that the spirit of independent citizenship is confined to no section of the country.

State lines do not coincide with natural divisions, and the census might be made to tell interesting stories that now lie concealed, if figures were massed according to other divisions. That the population of Iowa has declined by 7,000 in the past decade is remarkable enough; but a more striking result appears when a geographical ratuer than a political area is considered. Bounded by the Mississippi on the east, the Missouri on the south, the Missouri and the Big Sioux on the west, and the southern line of Minnesota on the north, is an area of 78,000 square miles, or nearly one-third larger than all New England. It comprises the entire State of Iowa and the northernmost forty-four counties of Missouri. There is probably no other portion of the United States of equal extent which contains a larger proportion of good farming land. The last decade has been one of exceptional prosperity—yet in this entire region there now live 100,000 fewer people than resided there ten years ago. Outside the cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants the decrease in population since 1900 has been upwards of 140,000. This is a kind of story that the boldest prophet would not have ventured to predict as a possibility a quarter of a century ago, and it is well worth the careful attention of political students to-day.

The narrow escape in New York from a general strike ought to be the occasion for serious thoughts about the possibility of preventing such industrial disasters. In France, the Prime Minister has announced his purpose to follow up the recent railway strike with legislation designed to do away with such a throttling of the nation's commerce. M. Briand's words are: "It is not possible that the country should go on exposed to the same dangers, year after year. Such problems must be thoroughly looked into. The government intends to study them carefully, and will not rest until it has found a solution which will protect the land from such perils at the same time that it leaves essential liberties untouched." Of course, the task in France is somewhat easier since it is so largely a question of dealing with public employees; but there appears to be a general tendency to bring all employments "affected with a public interest" within the scope of laws forbidding either a strike or a lockout without due notice or efforts to settle the matter by arbitration. This was the principle of the so-called Lemieux law of Canada, enacted in 1907. It appears to have worked well.

"All in all, the experiment of employing colored enumerators, while it involved much extra work for the Census Bureau, has been entirely successful and reflects credit upon the colored people," we read in the *Southern Workman*. It explains that more than 2,000 colored enumerators were put to work, and that in only one case, where for lack of white enumerators colored men counted the whites, was there any real difficulty. A comparison of the work of the white enumerators who counted colored people with the work of the colored census men shows that the latter took more pains with the members of their race, particularly in the matter of differentiating employments. Hence there are high hopes that the new census will throw more light on the industrial position of the colored people in the South than any heretofore. The *Southern Workman* adds that a number of Southern cities have for some time past used colored men in increasing numbers in taking school censuses. Finally, those who, like the *Nation*, have long been urging colored constabulary for the South to deal with negro crime and prevent race friction, are certain to be encouraged by the success in official positions of the census enumerators.

The *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* laments that the autumn meeting for the award of academic distinctions has not achieved its object of arousing a greater interest in scholarship. Most undergraduates, it seems, have remained away to scoff, and the recipients of the prizes have felt that the flush of achievement was somewhat chilled by the long postponement of recognition. It is therefore proposed to make the ceremony part of the commencement festivities. Whether this will do much to temper the admitted artificiality of the occasion may be a question. There will always be a killing lack of spontaneity in things of this sort; a meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa, or of the Poets' Guild, is a riot of enthusiasm in comparison. These at least are forms of organic self-expression; the other, from certain student points of view at least, nothing but a fussy faculty notion of fostering infant industry. An undergraduate class is prouder of its real scholars than faculties sometimes realize. It is usually the mere mark-getter, with slight claim to distinction in humane society beyond a certain sheepish impulse to press forward along the indicated path, who fails of being borne aloft on the shoulders of his admiring fellows. No amount of factitious reward for such successful mediocrity will greatly alter undergraduate opinion on this point, for here at least it agrees perfectly with that of the world.

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All good Americans will be greatly relieved by the explanation from Professor Münsterberg's friends of the real significance of the fifteen-to-one ratio against him in the number of minutes during which the Kaiser chatted, respectively, with him and with Professor Smith of the University of Virginia. That explanation is so simple and yet so notable as another triumph of the new psychology that the wonder is only over the delay in its production. The monarch's chat with Professor Smith, while extended, was merely academic. His words to Professor Münsterberg, while few, were intimate and at the same time international in their scope. It cannot escape notice that this explanation does not come from the Emperor, but we hope no doubt will be cast upon its validity by reason of this fact.

One of the real literary wants of this nation is a Thanksgiving Proclamation "form." Not to dwell upon the waste of labor necessitated by the devising of one Presidential and forty-five State proclamations, there is the present defect, positively pernicious in its influence upon American literary style, of the English that Governors in particular delight to employ in their announcements of this annual festal day. Here, for instance, is the summons of the Governor of Indiana, disrespectfully cut by the leading newspapers of his own capital to we know not what percentage of its original length. But the fragment is enough. We have no quarrel—just now—with his conventional "never-ending procession of the seasons," "the common parent of us all," and "the corn and wine and oil of fertile fields and fruitful vineyards." We remember that Indiana is a literary State. But the spectacle of Indiana bowing "again her forehead to the ground" does give us a start from which we are hardly recovered by the assuring words, "and to the end that all may renew their allegiance and give thanks to our country's God, in conformity with State and national usage." We also fail to see the altruism of the concluding clause, in which the people of the State return thanks "for that he hath not so far dealt thus with any people."

One reason why the English Liberals are looking forward to a general election with more confidence than the Conservatives is that in recent by-elections the Liberals have scored notable successes. They carried South Shields by an increased majority, and in the Walthamstow division of Essex, where the new Solicitor-General, Sir John Simon, has just been reëlected, his majority is greater than it was last January. Then it was 2,195; on November 1 it was 2,766. This figure was attained in spite of the fact that the suffragettes and the Labor voters were against the Liberal candidate. Yet it is noteworthy that the Walthamstow poll was reduced. The decrease in the Liberal vote, as compared with the general election in January, was 1,053, while the Conservatives fell off 1,624. But the result is taken as good proof that the budget is now very popular and that the Conservatives are making no headway against free trade. It is partly in view of this latter fact that the *Spectator* once more calls upon Joseph Chamberlain to announce that, if the Conservatives are successful, they will do nothing to introduce the protective principle into English fiscal legislation. The appeal will doubtless be in vain, but so, it is generally admitted, must be any hopes which the Conservatives entertain as they face a general election.

The admission of "fashionable ladies, actors, and descriptive writers" to the Crippen trial is defended by a writer in an English newspaper, who saw no evidence in their faces of want of appreciation of the gravity of the case. He clinches his point by relating how he sat next to a celebrated actress, who remarked, "This is our real dramatic school." Such models of justice as this particular case seems to have been would never do for our stage, any more than for our criminal courts, however it may be with the British. To hold the mirror up to nature is at times difficult, at times uninteresting, and our temperament demands excitement. The result is a mad race on the part of the drama to keep even with the more animated moments of our not undramatic civilization. It is no wonder that it sometimes overleaps itself. But it was in another period of spacious times that our dramatic models were produced. Something must be wrong besides our temperament. There is either lack of the creative imagination or sad misdirection of its powers.

The sudden shock of the contrast of American manners with those of the high-bred Spaniards who had gone before in the Philippines, is regarded by a correspondent of the London *Times* as having "contributed largely to the first failure of the Americans to win the respect of the natives." And in his endeavor to deal with the misunderstanding "without hurting susceptibilities," he suggests the possibility of such Americanization of the Filipinos that in a few generations they will become aware that "a spirit of hustle and downright dealing, if at times a trifle uncouth, is better than an elaborate courtesy which has no sincerity of purpose behind it." Meanwhile, however, it is "not of good omen that the interchange of social courtesies between the better elements of native society and members of the American community is still growing less and less frequent." Well, all that our Imperialists can say is that our little brown brothers are too impatient. The very fact of their caring for courtesy and having a desire for premature display of our sincerity of purpose, is evidence of their sad backwardness. Even if we have introduced complications into the situation, that does not excuse the presumption of their official announcement that "the Philippine nation, being positively convinced that it possesses the actual capacity for self-government as a civilized nation, aspires ardently to be independent." Until our impetuous colonizers are convinced of that, all this will pass as sheer impudence.

The latest traveller to report war with Japan as imminent is the son of a Standard Oil magnate. He has been in Japan? Oh, dear, no. He has been hobnobbing with French and German army officers, and from them learns directly and certainly that Japan will attack us before the Panama Canal is finished. Two hundred thousand troops are to be landed in San Francisco for the little jaunt to Washington—by airship and balloon doubtless—and, of course, ruin and defeat will be the consequence. There is only one thing to do, avows this young militia captain, and that is to introduce at once a three years' compulsory army service as they have it in France and Germany. And he is going to begin to get compulsory service at once.

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THE BEST FOOT FORWARD.

In accounting for his defeat in New Jersey, the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. Lewis, attributes the result largely to "the wisdom of the Democratic party in selecting a candidate of the calibre of Dr. Wilson." Much the same could obviously be said of the nomination of Judge Baldwin in Connecticut and of Judson Harmon in Ohio. The voters like to support clean and able men. Even a democracy is eager to open a career for distinguished talent. This has been demonstrated again and again, but at no time more clearly than in last week's elections. In many localities the electors displayed remarkable discrimination in honoring exceptional men with an exceptional vote. Never was the moral sense of the community more successfully appealed to.

Now, this pre-election wisdom of the Democrats ought to be made post-election also. Other great struggles are before the party, in State and nation, and it cannot begin too soon to prepare for them by putting its best foot forward. This year's sweeping Democratic success is nothing like a mandate to the Opposition to take the reins of power two years from now. We have seen too many swift ups and downs in our politics, too many landslides going now to this party, now to that, to justify any notion that the country has definitely made up its mind to put the Democratic party in charge of the national government. This great blow to the Republicans was chiefly dealt by Republican hands. A vast Republican vote, discontented with the managers and policies of its own party, either went to the Democrats or was not cast at all. But this vote can be repelled as easily as it was won. The temporarily disgruntled Republicans, with the great body of independent voters, can be readily driven away by Democratic ineptitude or folly. And the great teaching of this year's campaign is that Democrats who look forward must seek to deserve success as well as fight for it, and to that end should give the posts of honor and responsibility to men whom the country will perceive to be capable of government.

Republicans are already prophesying —which is easy, but rather cold comfort—that the Democrats will make such a mess of things in the next House that the country will be disgusted and gladly fly back to the arms of the Republican party. The danger that this may happen is undeniable. Democrats in Congress have not, during recent years, made a display of great ability or unity or consistency. Their situation in the next Congress will not be unlike that which they faced in 1875, after the political upheaval in the election of 1874 had made the House Democratic for the first time in eighteen years. But the Democrats of those days rose to the opportunity. They made Kerr Speaker and put S. J. Randall in charge of their plans for effecting economies. They felt that they were on trial. It was for them to prove to the nation that they had strong and safe men in whose hands the administration of public affairs could with confidence be placed. And the steadiness and sobriety shown by the Democratic House elected in 1874 helped the election of another one in 1876. Conditions to-day may be similarly availed of, or they may be stupidly wasted. Certain it is that if the Democratic majority in the next House does not put able and responsible men on duty, stand for economy, and work out constructive plans for legislation, the party will be exposed in 1912 to as severe a rebuke as if the elections of 1910 had never brought a triumph.

It is, however, upon the State of New York that specific attention will be converged to see what use the victorious Democrats will make of their great opportunity. Of the purpose of Governor-elect Dix to give a clean and business-like administration, there can be no doubt. He will surround himself with skilled and honorable advisers, and will, we are confident, make his chief appointments with an eye single to efficiency. But it is the choice of a Senator to succeed Depew which will most quickly and definitely mark the attitude of the New York Democracy towards forward-looking and high-minded policies in the nation, and upon that choice thought and effort should immediately be concentrated. The degradation of the New York Senatorship by Platt and Depew has been one of the worst offences of the long Republican domination in this State. It will never do for Democrats who have cried out upon it not to exert their utmost power to complete the removal of that disgrace. It would be impossible to go lower than Depew, but the Democrats are bound to go much higher. If they were to make such a miserable failure now as they made after 1892 when they elected Edward Murphy Senator, despite the protest of President Cleveland, they would go far to destroy at once the respect of the people and their own hopes for the future. It is distinctly a time when a man should be selected of the very highest type.

Several excellent names are already under discussion, though some of the men mentioned say that they cannot be considered. We do not know that Mr. Shepard is or would be a candidate, but we do know that a man of his sort ought to be chosen. Ability for ability, Mr. Shepard's could fairly be matched with Senator Root's, while his mature political convictions, his deep study of our political history, his readiness in debate and his value in counsel, together with his unblemished character, would make him a Senator whom New York would delight to honor. His personal wishes are unknown to us, but such a name as his should be kept to the front so that by discussion in the press and by individual urging the great duty of choosing a fit Senator should be held in the forefront. What the party has won by going to the polls with able and even eminent nominees, it can retain only by clinging to the same high standard in appointments to office and in elections by the Legislature.

THE PENSION ROLL.

The Pension Commissioner's annual report, which has just made its appearance in full, is coincident with the publication in the *World's Work* of a series of articles by William Bayard Hale on the "staining of the nation's honor-roll with pretence and fraud"—an exposure of some of the crimes against honest soldiers and against the government, in connection with our pension system. But were this perennial uncovering of these abuses not going on, the report of the Commissioner would still deserve careful study, if only because of the demand for "dollar-a-day" pensions heard at the last encampment of the Grand Army, and the all-pervading public ignorance as to the size of the pension expenditures. Mr. Davenport, the Commissioner, records that forty-five years after Appomattox there are still 602,180 soldiers and sailors drawing pensions, in addition to 318,461 widows and dependents and 442 nurses, who together

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receive annually no less than $158,332,391.82—a sum exceeded but three times in our pension history, and but four millions less than last year's expenditures.

Although there was a decrease of 25,111 in the number of pensioners the slight net reduction in the expenditures is plainly disappointing, from the taxpayer's point of view. The average annual pension is now $171.90, against $138.18 in 1906; it increased only $2.08 above that of 1908-1909, but that increase added $1,915,852.64 to the total expenditure. These larger outlays were due to increased rates authorized by Congress, applications for larger pensions, and 3,015 special pensions granted by separate acts of Congress—the worst abuse of all. How the cost would jump if the 483,000 pensioners of the civil war were to receive a dollar a day, in place of $171.90 a year, any one can figure out for himself. But consideration for the Treasury never prevents the average Congressman from passing bill after bill to "correct the record" of deserters, bounty-jumpers, and cowards. It is the easiest way for a Representative to make friends in his district. What cares he as to the character of the men he places on the roll, so long as he may tell his constituents that he got Congress to agree to 250 or 300 or 600 private pension bills? Mr. Hale has printed some splendid samples of these, among them a bill of Congressman Brownlow of Tennessee, enrolling Bradford Whaley as a private in the Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, in which he never served, and then giving him a pension. As Mr. Hale says, Congress might as well have made Whaley a veteran of the Revolution. Yet 3,015 bills of this kind, though few so flagrant, were passed last year and approved by President Taft—resulting in an increased drain upon the taxpayers of no less than $894,495 and benefiting 6,063 persons.

It is not, however, merely the growing size of the pension which is ominous. The number of widows of soldiers of the civil war increased by 9,045, despite the ravages of death among the 211,781 who drew pay last year for their husbands' services forty-five years ago. It will amaze most people to hear that there are already no less than 27,889 pensioners of our brief war with Spain and the Philippine insurrection. There were not 27,000 soldiers in the regular army early in 1908, and, if we remember correctly, Gen. Shafter's force at Santiago was not above 18,000 men. Yet within twelve years of that brief struggle there are on the rolls 22,783 invalid soldiers, 1,183 widows, and 330 minor children, 3,072 mothers of soldiers and 512 fathers, 7 brothers and sisters, and 2 helpless children. In such measure is the government paying for the fever camps and that one conflict which most civil war veterans would have regarded as but little more than a skirmish. Every war the country has been in is now represented on the pension roll, for there are still one "daughter of the Revolution" and 338 widows of the war of 1812 obtaining government aid; while 2,042 survivors and 6,359 widows are accredited to the war with Mexico, which ended sixty-two years ago. If the same longevity prevails as in the case of the last survivor of the second war with England, we shall be paying Mexican war veterans up to 1941 and Spanish war veterans up to 1991. Already the Spanish war veterans and dependents have received $80,191,725.72, or within fourteen millions of the Mexican war pensions and sixteen millions of the total amount paid out for the war of 1812; and there were 47,295 claims for pensions pending in June, 9,135 for service against Spain or the Filipinos.

Now, if the money side of all this were the only question, it would be bad enough, particularly if we take into account the pensioning of fully 100,000 Confederate veterans by the Southern States at a cost of probably $4,500,000 to $5,000,000. They have been well inoculated, too, with the pension virus, for Georgia in 1909 pensioned 3,492 veterans at a cost of $561,077. But worse than the pecuniary aspect is the demoralizing effect of the system, which in the North, at least, discriminates not at all between good and bad, worthy and unworthy applicants, but gives above 900,000 people the idea that patriotism on the battlefield is cashable, and that it is the duty of the Treasury to hand out money, precisely as protectionists think the government owes it to them to guarantee the profits of their business. In the South the pension system menaces, as a writer in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* points out, the proper educational and social progress of that section. In the North it is honeycombed with fraud, and offers such an inviting opportunity for a President who desires to make a name for himself as a brilliant administrator and an enemy of corruption, that it is hard to see how Mr. Taft can resist the temptation to overhaul the whole business. And what we miss in the Pension Commissioner's report is an indication of a vigorous cleaning up of the pension-rolls. Only fifty-five frauds were punished last year; but the country, as Mr. Hale shows, is full of them.

NON-MANIFEST DESTINY.

In the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly* there occurs the following quotation from the introductory statement preceding the list of courses in physics offered at one of our great universities in 1894:

> While it is never safe to affirm that the future of physical science has no marvels in store . . . it seems probable that most of the grand underlying principles have been firmly established, and that further advances are to be sought chiefly in the rigorous application of these principles to all the phenomena which come under our notice: . . . An eminent scientist has remarked that the future truths of physical science are to be looked for in the sixth place of decimals.

"Then came," says the writer, "the discovery of Röntgen rays, 1895; Becquerel rays, 1896; Zeeman effect, 1896; radium, 1898; atomic disintegration, the transformation of matter, the thermal effect of radio-activity, and intra-atomic energy, 1903. I am unable to locate the sixth decimal idea in recent catalogues."

The suddenness of the change in the aspect of physical research which has taken place within the past two decades is a phenomenon of extraordinary interest; but the reflections suggested by the contrast above referred to are quite as pertinent in the domain of human affairs as in that of scientific investigation. We are all ready enough to admit in the abstract that it is the unexpected that happens, and that most long-range prophecies are vain; but, strange to say, the specific application of this maxim to the questions that constitute at once the most difficult and the most vital problems of humanity is almost universally neglected. When it comes to the great currents of human history and opinion, the doctrine of "manifest destiny" is accepted with hardly a protest by the minority, the people who try more or less vigorously to work against the current or who at

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least wish that it were other than it is. Up to a certain time a movement may seem to be utopian or academic or eccentric; but let it grow steadily for some years and attain a position of real power, and the time soon comes when the word is passed all along the line that its ultimate and complete triumph is a certainty. Opposition may continue, and perhaps the very people who admit the coming event may go on acting according to their principles; nevertheless, the fact remains that the acceptance of the manifest destiny idea, in each such case, is a factor of great potency in sapping the vitality of the opposition.

Take such a matter as Socialism. There are to-day millions of people whose attitude toward Socialism is profoundly influenced by the feeling that, however little they may like it, however undesirable in itself or ultimately impracticable in its working they may be convinced it is, yet it is sure to come. The day of individualism, they feel, is rapidly passing; in a hundred ways they see the handwriting on the wall. It is only lack of imagination, they say to themselves, that prevents anybody from seeing what is so clearly patent; a few more years and everybody will see it. But in reality it takes more imagination to realize the possibility of a change in existing tendencies than to realize what results those tendencies, if unchecked by new developments, will bring about. It was easy, for example, for anybody to see, only a few years ago, that China was on the eve of dissolution and partition among the European nations; it was not easy to see that this destiny, so manifest in everything that had happened for half a century, was suddenly to be abrogated by the marvellous assertion of the potentialities of the Orient made by Japan in her war with Russia. And if it be said that this event was related merely to the special characteristics of particular nations or races, while the question of Socialism is one that turns on forces imbedded in universal human nature, the answer is simple enough. In the sea of forces involved in the socialistic recasting of human life there are unsounded depths quite as far removed from our ken as were the factors which played a decisive part in the Russo-Japanese drama.

What is true of these largest questions is equally true in regard to political issues of lesser sweep. In our own country we have seen a great growth of the importance and the power of the Federal government. That this growth has been made necessary by modern economic developments—the new relations among all parts of the country created by modern methods of transportation and communication and the new problems arising out of the modern organization of industry and business—is very true. That the process will be and should be carried still farther in certain directions few reasonable persons will deny. But to drift from this conclusion, resting on reason and judgment, into an easy-going acceptance of State impotence and central omnipotence as the verdict of manifest destiny, is a very different matter. When Mr. Chamberlain started his protection agitation in England, manifest destiny, as shown in the spread of protection on the Continent and in the alleged decay of England's industrial power, was his strongest ally. Our own imperialist venture in the Philippines would never have been made were it not for the debilitating effect of the manifest destiny idea at a time of sudden excitement and military vainglory. But the truth is we know but one thing about destiny—that it is not manifest; and we have but one duty concerning it—each in his degree to do what in him lies to shape destiny according to his conviction, not of what it will be, but of what it ought to be.

INTELLECT AND SERVICE.

In his remarkable "Statistical Study of American Men of Science," Professor Cattell arrives at the conclusion that the number of our scientific men of importance has in recent years been increasing at only about half the rate of increase of the whole population, and that the production of scientific men of the highest order has been faring far worse. This latter conclusion he bases largely on the fact that in the complete list of men who, by the judgment of their peers, deserve to rank among the thousand leading men of science there are only six under thirty years of age, and none of these in conspicuously high rank. "This," he says, "is significant and disquieting. A man of genius is likely to do his work at an early age and to receive prompt recognition. Kelvin was appointed full professor at Glasgow at twenty-two, Thomson at Cambridge at twenty-six, Rutherford at McGill at twenty-seven. Men of science of this age and rank simply do not exist in America at the present time; nor is it likely that we are faring better in scholarship, in literature, and in art."

In the earlier days of the Republic, we used to explain any deficiency of our country in great intellectual fruits by pointing to the fact that we were engaged in "subduing a continent," and that partly the material rewards and partly the inherent attraction of this labor took the flower of our youth away from intellectual pursuits. Later on, a factor different from this, though not unrelated to it, came into the forefront—the enormous and dazzling prizes offered to successful endeavor in the fields of business enterprise, the overwhelming prominence given to the pursuit of wealth at a time when fortunes unheard of in former days gave a position of power and of popular eminence such as no other form of success seemed to offer. Add to this the rapid growth of luxury and the rise in the material standards of living, and you have a situation in which a life devoted to intellectual effort, with small material reward and with little stimulus from the interest and respect of the community at large, would not often present itself to a young man of talent, energy, and high spirit as the natural goal of his ambition. Indeed, it might be said that the social atmosphere of America has constituted, in the case of our young men, an environment comparable—though, of course, with an enormous difference of degree—to that which has in all ages surrounded young women as regards their intellectual ambitions. It is not nearly so much the presence of absolute hindrances as it is the absence of encouragement and incentive, that accounts for that lack of intellectual achievement on the part of women which, until our own time, was ascribed almost universally to inherent incapacity.

To this potent cause of deflection of young men of high intellectual endowment from fields of intellectual endeavor for which they are by nature and temperament peculiarly fitted, there must, in our judgment, be added another which seems destined to play a greater and greater part in producing this effect. We refer to that exaltation of

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"service" as the only worthy aim of an intellectual life which has, within the past dozen years, been coming more and more into fashion. It should hardly be necessary for the *Nation* to protest that in entering an objection to this tendency it is not actuated by any deficiency in its admiration of the man who makes his scholarship an instrument of "service" or in its appreciation of the value of his work. We do not object to praise of the scholar in politics or of the scholar in social betterment or in economic reform; we object only to the preaching of a gospel which leaves all other scholars out in the cold. If, on the one hand, you offer all the shining outward rewards of effort to those who do not go into intellectual pursuits at all, and, on the other hand, you reserve all appreciation and praise for such intellectual achievements as bear directly on the improvement of political and social conditions, you cannot expect the life of the scholar and thinker and writer in other domains to present to aspiring youth that fascination which is the greatest factor in determining the direction of his ambitions.

In the speeches at the dinner given in New York in honor of the completion by Prof. E. R. A. Seligman of twenty-five years of admirable work as scholar, teacher, and citizen, it was natural that stress should be laid on the connection between scholarship and service to the community. A better example of the combination it would be difficult to find. But nearly every speaker gave voice, either expressly or by implication, to the doctrine that only by such service can scholarship be truly justified; and one cannot help asking whether the president of Columbia University, for example, really thinks in his own heart that those who pursue studies and researches far removed from such service —Greek, for example, or the more abstract departments of pure mathematics —are mere drones, survivals of an outworn tradition that continues among us only on sufferance. We are perfectly aware that a tenuous justification might be made for these intellectual luxuries even from the "service" standpoint; but turn and twist as you will, the kind of talk that we refer to is simply incompatible with the spirit of a whole-souled devotion to the things of the mind. And yet it is precisely that spirit—the spirit of Copernicus and Galileo and Newton and Darwin—that has not only illumined the world but has furnished one of the chief refuges from the deadly grind of the commonplace and the material. Exalt service by all means, but preserve for pure intellectual achievement its own place of distinction and regard. Do the one, and applaud it, but leave not the other undone or unhonored.

THE QUEST OF THE ULTIMATE.

The number of serious books published recently with titles that calmly claim anticipation of the last word in religion is not a little remarkable. Starting boldly enough with "The Coming Religion" and "The Religion of the Future," our modern seers have apparently become impatient of unnecessary diffidence, until, flinging to the winds the few remaining limitations of their prophetic powers, they have reached the climax in "The Final Faith." Whether the writers of such books expect them to be bought as genuine pronouncements of "foreknowledge absolute," is as uncertain as whether they themselves so regard them. If they do, their sincerity is surely at the expense of their sagacity. But the publishing business will still go on, for there would yet be room for "The Final Faith, Revised." Even then we should not hope to find in its pages a statement of ultimate truth. We should look for nothing more than an advance in that direction, or even for a pushing of the goal farther away than it at present appears. Either effect would be accounted an intellectual triumph, a step toward that finality of knowledge which we as little desire as expect.

But if the piquancy of that search for a fixed goal is due in some measure to its endlessness, so that we are fain to satisfy our restless questioning with the dogma that success would mean satiety, the same does not hold in that realm of art where the interpretation of the fact is as important as the fact itself. The thrill of satisfaction at the discovery of the Pole, which was only man's natural delight in the attainment, especially the long-attempted, difficult, and perilous attainment, of an ultimate object, not because of its usefulness, but only because of the necessity of reaching what was evidently there to be reached, may have to be re-satisfied continually with other analogous triumphs. The other Pole, the partially conquered air, the stretches of space that still yield only a reluctant obedience to the breathless monsters of steam and electriciy, will provoke and defy in varying degrees man's quest of the ultimate. Science looks ever forward. But with whatever of aspiration for heights ungained, it is in a frequent and eager turning to the days that are no more that art finds its comfort and its joy. There are no more durable satisfactions of the human spirit than the glory that was Greece and Florence and Weimar and Stratford. Here, in certain directions, man has apparently reached the ultimate goal, long before he had made more than a beginning upon those other paths that, crowded now with explorers, stretch ever farther and farther into the receding distance.

It is the habitual resort to these acknowledged masterpieces that casts doubt upon our philosophic dogma of the identity of attainment with satiety. In the so-called attainments of science, which are merely provisional and introductory to others equally so, there is no real test of the matter. And, furthermore, there may be a difference in this respect between a master and those who can only admire, without imitating, his skill. But surely, even for a master there is something indistinguishable from perfect contentment of satisfaction in beauty of line and color, of sound, and of the artistry of words. The difference between art and science here is absolute. One does not take the "Iliad" as a starting-point for a greater epic, or the Venus de Milo for a finer statue. Accepting these as themselves ultimate, one either gives himself up to enjoyment of them, or strives, in the scientific manner, to analyze them. In the latter event, he finds himself once more upon the endless road of investigation. In the former, he longs only to see and hear again and again and again. He has found something which, although finite, is possessed of finality.

Is this difference between the provisional character of science and the ultimate character of art inherent in the differing natures of the emotions and the reason? How has man been able to create objects of perennial satisfaction, but quite unable to discover the final truth about either them or himself? No wonder that the one power, however meagrely rewarded, however little deserving to be called "useful," has always, in the most highly cultivated as well as

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in the crudest society, been deemed to have some spark of the divine in it, while the highest tribute paid by savagery or mediævalism to the wonders of the other was to credit it to a far less respectable, even if still supernatural, source. Our inquiries, however, are necessarily futile. They are of that part of the search for finality which, from all appearances, must go on forever, being itself the only surely final element in the process. It is better for the baffled mind to turn now and then from the endless puzzle of the why and the how, and to rest questionless before the finalities of finite workmanship. In his unavoidable quest of the ultimate, man must go for absolute satisfaction, not to the crucible or the study, but to the impassioned music of Beethoven, the tragic failure of Hamlet, the columned majesty of the Parthenon, and the swinging hexameters in which the gods still live.

PASCAL.

I.

During the last ten years or so there has been a marked reawakening of interest in Pascal. This Pascal revival differs from the Rousseau revival that has taken place during the same period in being French rather than international, and also in being less easy to interpret. The return to Rousseau evidently bears a close relation to the great wave of radicalism that has been sweeping over the world. As the author of a recent work on the "Social Contract" remarks, the proletarians hope to use the dogma of the sovereignty of the people to oust the bourgeois even as the bourgeois used it to oust the aristocrats at the time of the Revolution. But why this interest in Pascal, especially the side of Pascal that seems most remote from everything modern? The sympathy that appears in so many French writers is also manifest in the new Life of Pascal by Lord St. Cyres.*

In spite of the unfortunate flippancy of the preface, Lord St. Cyres's book has solid merit; it is abreast of French investigations and points of view about Pascal, and though not contributing important points of view of its own, is admirable as an exposition, worthy both in literary form and intellectual quality of its great and stimulating subject. Justice is done to Pascal in his various aspects as saint and scientist and man of the world. Lord St. Cyres handles ideas, especially the ideas that bear on the "Provincial Letters" and the whole subject of casuistry, with a keenness that is not common in English. His treatment of the more mystical element in Pascal seems to reflect in some measure the reaction against intellectualism which is attaining such large proportions, and of which pragmatism is perhaps the best known, though by no means the only, manifestation. The treatment of Pascal's conversion especially is evidently colored by certain theories of James's as to the rôle of the subliminal in religious experience. The great scientific intellectualists of the last century, who were striving to establish strict causal sequences between phenomena, looked with less favor on the "thunderclaps and visible upsets of grace," and in general on the appeal to pure intuition that one finds in Pascal. "Converts are no friends of mine," said Goethe, whose unfriendliness to Pascal in particular is well known. Sainte-Beuve never tires of trying to prove that men remain after conversion about what they were before. This point of view explains the final coldness toward Jansenism that comes out so clearly in the postscript to the sixth volume of his "Port-Royal."

We may doubt whether the special kind of sympathy for the intuitive as compared with the rational that seems to be on the increase just now is a real advance over the sturdy intellectualism of a Sainte-Beuve or a Goethe. The intellect is at best only an intermediary power; the first things and the last are equally hidden from it. What knowledge it has of either it must owe to intuition. Yet the slighting of the intellect in the name of the higher intuitions that has appeared in the more ascetic forms of Christianity has always been unfortunate. We may suspect that the slighting of the intellect in the name of the lower intuitions, that has assumed so many forms from Rousseau to James and Bergson, is exposed to an even more certain retribution. Most of the early Port-Royalists were themselves sturdy intellectualists and philosophically at the opposite pole from pragmatism. In Lord St. Cyres's phrase, they defended "a highly mystical, intuitive religion by rows of serried formulæ marching past in battle array." But in spite of all their logic and rationality, they put their final emphasis on the miraculous, on violent overturns of the natural order, and so prepared the way for the *convulsionnaires* and the Diacre Pâris, that eighteenth-century Jansenism into which Sainte-Beuve said that nothing in heaven or on earth could induce him to enter. There is already something convulsive in Pascal's conception of religion.

If this were the whole story we should have to agree with those who regard Pascal on his purely religious side as obsolete. For example, the writer of the review of Lord St. Cyres's book in the *Spectator* declares that the Pascal that really counts for the reader of to-day is the Pascal of the "Provincial Letters," whereas what we have in most of the "Pensées" are the last lingering shadows of mediævalism that have not yet been banished by the bright sunshine of the modern spirit. This point of view is all the more misleading in that it is at least half true. The "Provincial Letters" have the obvious advantage over the "Pensées" of being not mere fragments, but the finished product of a consummate literary artist, of the creator, one is almost tempted to say, of French prose. For if the empty form of the modern French phrase was perfected by writers like Guez de Balzac, it was Pascal who gave this form vital content. A Frenchman who set out to-day to write like Montaigne would be an intolerable mannerist; but Pascal's French has aged very little in either syntax or vocabulary; it remains the kind of French that every Frenchman would like to write, "if he only could." Through the French influence on writers like Dryden, Pascal may be said to have contributed to the establishing of a standard of sound prose in English.

If, however, the "Provincial Letters" show Pascal at his best as a literary artist, they are inferior to the "Pensées" in human interest. Pascal's attack on Jesuitical morality was intended for immediate effect, and so is at times too implicated in the local and ephemeral. Religion, again, in the "Provincial Letters" often appears as a mere occasion for the sparrings of theologians. Such distinctions as those between contrition and attrition, sufficient grace and efficacious grace, leave us cold. In the "Pensées," on the other hand, we are made to feel that the doctrine of grace is at the very heart of Christianity; it is in fact, the doctrine that in its triumph best measured the force of the recoil of Christianity from ancient naturalism and that in its decline has best marked the steady encroachments of modern naturalism on the inner citadel of faith. It is, in a sense, the distinguishing doctrine of Christianity as an historical belief.

II.

Some slight anticipations of grace may, indeed, be found in the pagan philosophers, especially in Plato, when he says that virtue is "neither natural nor acquired," but "comes to the virtuous by the gift of God" ("Meno"). But Plato

Pascal. By Viscount St. Cyres. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.—Attention should also be called to *The Nuns of Port-Royal* by M. E. Lowndes, New York: Henry Frowde. The contemporary documents that Miss Lowndes has collected and arranged with great skill give a specially good idea of Mother Angélique. Among recent French contributions to the study of Pascal and Port-Royal mention should be made of the edition of Pascal in the Grands Ecrivains under the editorship of MM. Brunschvicg and Pierre Boutroux, of the labors of Michaut and Brunschvicg on the text of the *Pensées*, and finally of the *Pascal et son temps* of Fortunat Strowski (3 vols., 1907-8), which has already gone into a fourth edition.

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and the other Greeks could not hold the doctrine of grace in the true Christian sense because they were "terribly at ease in Zion," that is, they lacked humility—the sense of absolute dependence on a power that is above both nature and human nature. The doctrine of grace as elaborated by St. Augustine and revived by the Jansenists in almost more than its primitive austerity, was intended to sharpen a contrast not normally present to the pagan consciousness—the contrast between the utter sinfulness of man and the infinite righteousness of Deity. The gap between the human and the divine is absolute and only to be traversed by a twofold miracle—inwardly by the miracle of grace, outwardly by the miracle of the redemption. For the Jansenist, as Lord St. Cyres puts it, "Nature soon became one vast, unholy chaos, one shaking quagmire of corruption, in the midst of which rose, stark and lonely, the storm-swept citadel of Grace." Without the twofold miracle, and left to his own resources, man is helpless. The only thing noble in him, says Pascal, is reason, and yet, he adds, nothing is more "contemptible" than reason itself, being as it is the everlasting dupe and plaything of the imagination. In the name of grace, Pascal thus seeks to discredit both the reason and the imagination, the two faculties by which the modern man must live. We are forced at last, like Voltaire, to "take the side of human nature against this sublime misanthropist."

The difficulty with the doctrine of grace in its extreme forms is that it strikes one as an attempt to prop and buttress a tottering theology by establishing a spiritual reign of terror. This is especially so in the use of the doctrine by its last great exponent, Jonathan Edwards. Without grace and conversion, according to Edwards, men are suspended over the pit of hell by a slender thread that is likely to be singed asunder at any moment by the fire of God's wrath, "however moral and strict, sober and religious, they may otherwise be." We cannot blame the world for having risen in revolt against so horrible an obsession, for refusing to be frightened into heaven. But the reaction against the theological terror has resulted in turn in an almost equally violent and dangerous extreme.

"Listen, my children," said Mother Angélique to her nuns a few hours before her death, "listen well to what I say. Most people do not know what death is, and never give the matter a thought. As for me, I have feared it all my life and never let it out of my mind. But my worst forebodings were as nothing compared with the terrors now upon me." In deliberate opposition to such expressions of the theological terror Rousseau imagined the elaborate complacency and self-satisfaction of the dying Julie, whose end was not only calm but æsthetic ("le dernier jour de sa vie en fut aussi le plus charmant"). To the notion that nature is utterly corrupt and that men are "vipers spitting their venom at God," he opposes the assertion that man is good and nature beautiful (or, as some one has summed up the doctrine in its Christian Science form: I am lovely, and the world is lovely, too). Instead of making the breach in the soul between sin and righteousness so wide that no amount of good works can avail to bridge it, Rousseau declares that there is no breach at all, that evil is introduced into the soul from without; in other words, he lays the blame for evil, not on the individual, but on society; he gets rid of the theological terror by undermining the individual's sense of his own responsibility.

Not only the sentimental naturalism typified in Rousseau, but every other main current, both of the Catholic and the non-Catholic world, has been running steadily away from the doctrine of grace. From the point of view of material success no enterprise was ever so surely foredoomed to failure as Jansenism. For the virtue of absolute humility the Catholic Church has been tending to set up the very different virtue of absolute submissiveness to outer authority. The non-Catholic world, again, has been moving more and more toward a naturalistic and humanitarian view of life that is neither humble nor submissive. Good observers from Burke to Jules Lemaître have noted the entire absence of humility in Rousseau. The exultation of the scientific naturalist in man's power is as fatal to humility as Rousseau's exultation in man's goodness. As a sample of the humility of a certain type of scientist, we may take the following from Clifford:

> The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all gods, and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history and from the inmost depth of every soul the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes and says, "Before Jehovah was, I am."

If Luther had anticipated that figure of "our father Man" with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes (the fire, he would have said, rather of eternal lust), would he have undertaken the great Schism? All the efforts of Luther and the Jansenists have availed very little to arrest the drift of the whole world away from the doctrine of grace to the doctrine of good works. In their emphasis on good works as well as in their emphasis on submissiveness the Jesuits have merely exaggerated the modern Catholic tendency. Lord St. Cyres points out that Ignatius Loyola was the most "resolute of utilitarians." Loyola lays almost as much stress on the idea of service as any of our present-day humanitarians. According to the Jesuit one may be saved merely by being serviceable and submissive; according to the humanitarian, merely by being serviceable and sympathetic. Both Jesuit and humanitarian obscure the reality of sin, of the individual struggle between good and evil, the Jesuit by unduly encouraging the individual in the hope that he may cast off the burden of his sin upon the priest and the priest's power of absolution, the humanitarian by encouraging him unduly in the hope that he may cast off his burden on society. Both Jesuit and humanitarian emasculate the doctrine of good works not only as it might be, but as it actually has been formulated. For, if Plato anticipates but faintly the doctrine of grace, Aristotle sets forth very adequately the doctrine of good works. Aristotle, who would attach the individual by a thousand bonds to society, who even makes ethics only a branch of politics, does not, therefore, fall into the humanitarian error of making social service the goal of the individual. Society is chiefly important in the eyes of Aristotle for the aid it may give the individual in realizing his higher self; it works upon him and gives him the preliminary training in right habits only in order that it may prepare him for the supreme task of working upon himself. Everything in Aristotle, indeed, converges upon the idea of habit—an idea at once scientific and humanistic, the means by which one gradually ascends from the goods of instinct to the goods of reason.

The supernaturalist is prone to look with disdain on so uninspired a method. Thus Jansen speaks contemptuously of Aristotle and his little, choppy phrases that are unable to rise above the things of earth ("Minutiloquio suo sola terrena perscrutatus est"). In a similar spirit Holbein drew his picture of the prelates and doctors of the church, turning their backs on Christ, the Light of the World, and following Aristotle into the abyss. But Aristotle can be one of the most impressive of writers when the passion that so often lurks beneath his syllogistic dryness actually flashes to the surface. Starting as a pure naturalist with the sense of vital growth and development, he rises gradually and without confusion of the planes of being to humanistic discipline, conceived as a mediation between extremes, until from the very apex, as it were, of the humanistic virtues he glimpses a truth that transcends even the law of measure. "A man ought not," he says, "to entertain human thoughts as some would advise, because he is human, nor mortal thoughts because he is mortal; but as far as it is possible he should make himself immortal and do everything with a view to living accord-

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ing to the best principle in him, which, though it be small in size, yet in power and value is far more excellent than all."

Aristotle is thus related on the one hand to the keenest and hardest-headed of our modern scientists, and on the other to Dante in his vision of the empyrean. He has perhaps been surpassed as a naturalist and certainly surpassed as a supernaturalist, but like the other great Greeks he remains unsurpassed in his humanism; and it is the humanistic virtues that are needed to give meaning to either extreme. Perhaps the world would have been a better place if more people had made sure that they were human before setting out to be superhuman. Thus Pascal, who speaks so excellently of the humanistic art of mediating between opposite virtues and occupying the middle ground between them, was not himself a humanist. He conceived of religion only as a sort of "mortal leap" from naturalism to supernaturalism. "God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob," we read on the slip of parchment on which he recorded his conversion, "Not the God of the philosophers and the scientists." On the face of it there is something incongruous in the fact that the man who made the Great Experiment and invented the arithmetical machine, and established the first line of omnibuses at Paris, should be the same man that wore hair shirts and declared that sickness is the natural state of the Christian. Nowadays we are nearly all of us hardened and impenitent naturalists and from the Jansenist point of view altogether graceless. If we have any religion at all, we are likely to get it, like Aristotle, through nature and not like Pascal in violent opposition to nature. In general the Aristotelian method of fixing our attention upon the orderly reaping of the reward of the good works we have wrought on ourselves and the world, and of the habits we have disciplined ourselves into according to the standards of right reason, is perhaps in itself more wholesome than the Jansenist emphasis on thunderclaps and visible upsets of grace—the tremendous spiritual romanticism of St. Augustine.

III.

Having granted so much, we should hasten to add that the doctrines of grace and conversion are, after all, only the theological expression of certain profound and, we may surmise, permanent aspects of human nature. Christianity of the Augustinian type has at least the advantage of setting in sharpest relief the actual dualism between the higher and the lower self of man that even the Aristotelian naturalist is constantly tending to dissimulate and slur over. As a matter of fact, the example Aristotle set of an orderly ascent from the naturalistic to the humanistic virtues and from the humanistic virtues to religious insight can scarcely be said to have been largely influential. The main drift of the ancient world after Aristotle was toward stoicism and epicureanism, two opposite, but as Pascal insists, equally impossible views of life. This is indeed Pascal's great central generalization that he has expressed most adequately perhaps in the "Conversation with M. de Sacy" that is usually prefixed to the "Pensées." Purely naturalistic explanations of man will, according to Pascal, necessarily oscillate between stoic pride and epicurean relaxation. In either case man will remain forlorn because deprived of any firm centre in himself, of any principle that he may oppose to the vast swirl of phenomena, the endless flux and relativity of nature.

Many of the "Pensées" are simply a recasting of Montaigne, whom Pascal takes somewhat unfairly as a type of the pure epicurean; for there is in Montaigne, along with epicureanism, a genuinely humanistic element, and the skeptical mask that the humanism assumes is itself a legitimate reaction from the "horrible mania of certainty" that possessed the theological ages. When pressed into the service of the violent logic of Pascal, Montaigne loses all his geniality, and something, too, of his shrewdness and good sense. Nevertheless, the "Pensées" that still have the most interest for us are those that establish the general contrast between the man of faith and the naturalist, whether stoic or epicurean. For the modern world, like the ancient, has turned away from its traditional disciplines and is moving more and more toward a pure naturalism; and it is not difficult to detect in many apparently ultra-modern points of view a mere refurbishing of stoical and epicurean tenets. We do not need, for example, to go very deep into Sainte-Beuve to find the epicurean despair of human nature, or, if we wish a still more recent and obvious epicurean, we have him in Anatole France. We should, again, be struck by the resemblance between Taine's attitude toward life and stoicism, even if we did not know that, like many other nineteenth-century stoics, he actually sought a rule of life in the desolate and pathetic Marcus Aurelius.

Various observers have been struck by the analogy between certain symptoms that are appearing in our contemporary society and those that appeared in late Roman society, though few would go into such refinements as Signor Ferrero, who claims that Americans of to-day correspond psychologically to Romans of the first century, Europeans to Romans of the second century of the decadence. An analogy of this kind is always incomplete and, of course, entirely unsafe as a basis of prophecy. So far as the analogy exists at all, it is to be traced to a common cause—the hopelessness and helplessness of a pure naturalism in dealing with ultimate problems. Mr. Chesterton says we have already reached the Heliogabalus stage in this country. We are very far from having reached that stage as yet, though we may reach it in time if we think we can discard all our traditional sanctions and discover a sufficient substitute for some principle of authority, either within or without ourselves, in miscellaneous humanitarian enthusiasms. As a matter of fact, the American situation does not differ very greatly from the European one, except that we combine our increasing criminality and suicide and divorce and other familiar signs of naturalistic disintegration with a more unflagging optimism. Europeans are readier than we to admit certain modern equivalents of the *tædium vitæ* that afflicted ancient Rome. A writer named Fierens-Gevaert, who published a book a few years ago on "Contemporary Melancholy," takes as self-evident that the underlying mood of cultivated Europeans is pessimistic, and proceeds to a regular inventory of the maladies of the modern soul:

> Infections of unutterable sadness,
> Infections of incalculable madness,
> Infections of incurable despair.

The picture is probably exaggerated, and in any case would scarcely apply to England, though even in England there has been a marked falling off in what may be termed the Victorian exuberance.

Our modern world, to be sure, has, even when seen from Pascal's special angle, certain advantages over the ancient. According to Pascal, the great resource of fallen man is to divert himself; in this way he can lose in some measure the sense of his own wretchedness ("la misère de l'homme sans Dieu"). Now, when it comes to diverting ourselves, we moderns are very superior. The modern descendant of the Roman noble who "made a feast and crowned his head with flowers" has automobiles and can look forward to aeroplanes. He can count on an unending succession of scientific toys that will divert him and beguile him from uncomfortable reflections on the essential problems of his own being. In the words of Milton, "There be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream." We not only have our delights, but are willing to pay for them. It is estimated that this country is now spending $600,000,000 a year on automobiles, moving pictures, and phonographs.

There may be some, however, who, without sharing Pascal's unduly ascetic attitude toward "diversion," are, on the other hand, unable to acquiesce fully in either a stoical or epicurean naturalism; who, in Pascal's words, feel the

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need of discovering some firm island of faith in the midst of the "horrible flux of all things." Any wholesome revival of Pascal must depend on his power of appeal to persons of this kind. It is to be feared that some of the French interest that has been shown in Pascal during the past few years has been reactionary in the wrong sense. For example, Victor Giraud, applying to Pascal his own phrase, says that he remains the master of all "sorrowful seekers for the truth." This insistence on the mournfulness of the religious quest would seem unfortunate. It reminds us too much of the old gentleman who remarked that he once set out to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness would keep breaking in. The Pascal whom it is possible and desirable to revive is not the Pascal who, according to the legend, saw an abyss ever yawning at his side, but the Pascal who summed up his experience of religion in the words "Joy, certainty, peace." Of course, many of the best of the "Pensées" are of a comparatively secular character, ranging in topic from government to literary criticism. Of the strictly religious "Pensées" the most admirable are those that deal with the general contrast between faith and worldliness. After deducting everything that is morose and ascetic and mediæval and narrowly theological, the residuum of pure religion perfectly expressed is sufficient to make of the "Pensées" not merely a great French book, but one of the great books of the world.

IRVING BABBITT.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The recent death of Alfred Henry Huth makes it probable, the English papers say, that the library brought together by his father, the late Henry Huth, will be put upon the market. This is one of the two or three important collections of rare books remaining in private hands in England. A catalogue in five large volumes was published in 1880. The son, in the preface to that catalogue, states that his father, born in 1815, began as a boy collecting books, though the bulk of the library was acquired after 1849. He says further:

> There were only two rules which my father particularly observed: Firstly, that every book he bought should be in a language he could read—a rule which was relaxed only in a few instances of volumes of extraordinary interest; and secondly, that every book should be in as fine and perfect a condition as obtainable—illuminated manuscripts he never bought if imperfect.

Mr. Huth's collection of editions of the Bible is very extensive, beginning with the Sykes-Perkins copy of the Gutenberg Bible, printed on paper, and two copies of the Schoeffer Bible of 1462 (the first Bible printed with a date), one on vellum and one on paper. Several block-books, a long series of Incunabula (books printed before 1500), a collection of Aldines, and a very important assemblage of Spanish books (Spanish was Mr. Huth's mother-tongue) are included; but the larger part of the great library is made up of books in English. There are twelve books printed by Caxton, twelve printed by Pynson, and fifty or more printed by Wynken de Worde. The Shakespeare collection is, next to that of the Duke of Devonshire, the finest in private hands in England, though it is surpassed by both the Folger and the Church collections in New York. Early English poetry is represented by many of the choicest items from the Daniel and Corser sales. At the Daniel sale Mr. Huth procured for £750 a wonderful collection of broadside black-letter ballads, mostly unique.

At the sale in Philadelphia by Stan. V. Henkels of the collection of Americana brought together by the late William Fisher Lewis there was keen competition for the rarer Franklin imprints. A single number of the *New England Courant*, February, 1723, with imprint "Boston, Printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin," brought $320. The "Articles of Agreement made and concluded upon between the Right Honourable the Lord Proprietor of Maryland and the Honourable the Proprietarys of Pensilvania" (1733) brought $515. The three Indian Treaties recently described in this column brought $600, $625, and $510. All books printed by Franklin are not worth such large sums, however, theological tracts by John Rutty and William Law, printed by Franklin & Hall in 1759 and 1760, selling for $5 and $3.50. Books printed by William Bradford, the prototypographer of Philadelphia and New York, do not seem to interest the collector as much as formerly, yet books printed by him before 1700 are almost as scarce as Caxtons. George Keith's "The Heresie and Hatred which was falsely charged upon the Innocent justly returned upon the Guilty" (Philadelphia, Bradford, 1693) brought only $260, and Daniel Leed's "News of a Trumpet Sounding in the Wilderness" (New York, Bradford, 1697) only $262. The first of William Penn's folio tracts on Pennsylvania, "Some Account of the Province of Pennsylvania in America" (1681), brought $500; "The Frame of the Government of the Province of Pennsylvania in America" (1682), $210; and Penn's "Letter to the Committee of the Free Society of Traders" (1683), $275. Gabriel Thomas's "Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and Country of Pensilvania and of West New Jersey in America" (London, 1698) brought $675, and "A Brief History of the Mississippi Territory," by James Hall, a missionary, a thin pamphlet printed at Salisbury, N. C., in 1801, brought $165. Of this latter only three other copies can be traced.

That the high prices paid last season for engraved views of New York are likely to continue is shown by the fact that $875 was paid at the Pardee sale at Anderson's on October 28 for the "Southwest View" and "Southeast View" engraved by P. Canot from drawings by Capt. Thomas Howdell. These two fine plates were bound in with Pownall's "Six Views in the Provinces of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania" (London, 1761). The volume cost the late owner $105 in the Barlow sale in 1890.

A collection of 1,600 pages of George Meredith's autograph manuscripts, representing most of his books after 1880, which are the property of Miss Nicholls, his nurse and attendant in the last years of his life, are to be sold on December 1 at Sotheby's.

Correspondence.

THE BUSY RICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Philanthropists and sociologists having occupied themselves extensively in studying the problem of the idle rich, might they not appropriately turn the trend of their fructifying thought towards the problem of the spasmodically industrious rich—especially when such industry is economically very *mal à propos*? We read much about the economic waste of the man who luxuriates in purple and fine linen and chariots, and our souls are filled with economic horror at him who breaks good glass windows that the indigent glass-worker may gain an honest penny; but how about the idle woman, who, inheriting wealth, wears ordinary tailor-made clothes, owns a car costing less than $2,000, lives in a house only reasonably gorgeous, but devotes her spare time (which is much) and energy (which is prodigious) to fomenting strikes among female workers, who, previous to her advent, expressed themselves as delighted with the conditions of labor by which they live?

In ancient times Goody X. would have been ducked in a horse pond or proceeded against legally as a common barrator, but might not we, living midway between those barbarous days and that glorious dawn when all labor shall be unionized and all industries taken over by an omniscient state—might we not hit upon a *pis aller* that should relieve the public of the annoyance of interruption of traffic and dislocation of business, and, at the same time, gratify that only too evident *penchant* of Mesdames X, Y, and Z for posing in the spot light of publicity? Is it not a sad reflection on our boasted civilization that a rich and idle woman, whose only sin is that she craves notoriety and publicity, is reduced to the degrading necessity of chaining herself to a railing in the House of Commons or to masquerading in working girls' clothes and inciting hoodlums to attacks on the police—simply to draw attention to herself? We have devoted much thought to protecting the honest working girl from her numerous enemies—is it not about time to devote a little serious thought to saving her from her friends?

These few "seed-thoughts" (that seems to be the appropriate jargon) are thrown out for the consideration of our bright and enthusiastic university students who ponder on such great questions.

A MERE MAN.

Chicago, November 8.

PROBABILISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The problem before Butler was entirely different from that before the inventors of Probabilism (see "S. D." in the *Nation*, October 13). Butler was trying to get an argument for the truth of revealed religion that would appeal to the deists. For that purpose he assumed three things as true: (1) the existence of God, the Ruler of the world, (2) the known course of nature and the truth of experience as far as it goes, and (3) the necessary limitation of our knowledge. This last was fundamental in his reasoning. We cannot have perfect

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knowledge of anything because we do not have perfect knowledge of the whole. Probability therefore is the "very guide of life." As there are obscurities in nature so may there be in religion. Difficulties in nature whose Author is admitted to be God prepare us to believe that difficulties in religion are not valid objections against it. But Butler goes on to show that the balance of probability is entirely in favor of religion, and that this large probability is the conclusion from the study of nature itself. And as in everyday life absolute certainty is not attainable, and as religion is a matter of practical concern, the wise man will follow that course marked out by nature and experience as by far the more probable and reasonable, that is, he will accept revealed religion. Reade's of Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua' will remember how this argument made for him a preliminary basis for faith, supplemented as it came to be by Keble's and his own reasoning.

The problem before the casuists, however, was partly pastoral and partly sectarian—pastoral, to know how rightly to deal with penitents in confession and fairly apportion penance and grant absolution, and sectarian, how to get as many as possible to come to confession and thus keep them in the church, over against the rising Protestantism. The confessional must be made attractive and the Church must appear as an indulgent mother. The application of Probabilism was one of the means of this. If the penitent had committed a deed which the confessor knew one writer held as a deed probably allowable, then the confessor must consider the penitent guiltless. Of course people, the vast majority of whom could not read their mother tongue (though the princes and other high and mighty folk who could read Latin readily were the chief beneficiaries of the system), would not run around hunting for such a lax casuist, nor turn over books in Latin for his slippery concessions. This was, in fact, the less necessary, for it was the duty of the Father confessor to suggest the lax opinion—even if it were contrary to his own—to the one confessing in order to relieve the latter's conscience. Besides, such views have a way of spreading sufficiently quickly without special search for them. Gury (Theol. Mor. I, n. 54) contemplates both educated and ignorant bringing them forward as their justification. It is well known indeed that others besides Jesuits were Probabilists, and that some Jesuits strongly opposed that kind of ethics.

That Pascal was too strict with himself does not excuse priests for being too easy with their confessing sinners.

While Wesley was a hearty admirer of some Catholic saints, as well as of the Unitarian Firmin, publishing their books and circulating them far and wide, there were plenty of antecedents for his work as a revival in a much nearer atmosphere. Besides the things I mentioned before, Jonathan Edwards's great revival, 1733 ff., made a deep impression upon Wesley. In 1736 the "Faithful Narrative of the Surprising Work of God in the Conversion of Many Hundred Souls in Northampton" was republished in London. On the very eve of his great work Wesley read that book on a walk from London to Oxford (October, 1738), and comments upon it with the characteristic words, "Surely this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes" (Works, Lond. ed. I, 160).

J. Alfred Faulkner.

Madison, N. J., November 7.

AN APPEAL FOR GREEK ARCHÆOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some of your readers already know of the unfortunate troubles in the administration of antiquities in Greece, which have led to the discontinuance of the office of Ephor General. This act deprived Mr. Kavvadias, who had rendered the cause of archæology efficient service for a quarter of a century, of his position, and interrupted the completion and publication of much of his work. In view of these facts, the leading archæologists of Europe have undertaken to raise a fund which is to be placed at the disposal of Mr. Kavvadias, in order that he may be able to finish what he has undertaken. The committee chosen to further this end represents the archæological interests of nearly every country in Europe, and in this country Prof. Martin L. D'Ooge, Dr. Edward Robinson, Prof. J. W. White, and myself were asked to be members of it. An appeal for funds has been sent out with the request that subscriptions be forwarded to the K. K. priv. Creditanstalt, Innsbruck, Austria, and it is hoped that American scholars and travellers who have of recent years had pleasure and profit when in Athens from the work of Mr. Kavvadias, so plainly evident in the museums of the city, may feel like responding to it. As the appeal was sent directly from Europe, I do not know how widely it may have been distributed in this country.

A few days ago a private letter from Prof. Dörpfeld, the first secretary of the German Institute at Athens, reached me, and in this he speaks of the fact that Mr. Kavvadias, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into office, was informed that the Greek government had taken his professorship in the university from him. This was, of course, a most serious blow, and Prof. Dörpfeld urges his own American friends to do what they can to mark their recognition of Mr. Kavvadias's efficient service to the cause of archæology and of museum management.

If it should be more convenient to any intending subscribers to contribute by personal check rather than by draft or post office order to the bank in Innsbruck, I shall be glad to receive and acknowledge such checks and to see that the subscriptions are forwarded to the committee in Europe.

J. R. Wheeler.

Columbia University, November 8.

INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent hostile manifestations on the part of the Mexican populace against Americans in Mexico City show that our friends across the border are deficient in imagination. To a Mexican it is inconceivable that a human being should be burnt at a stake in a civilized community. It is also inconceivable to him that in any community the general government should be powerless to punish the offenders. In poor, old "barbarous Mexico" a mob similar to the Texas mob that recently burned a Mexican alive, would be tried, led out, and shot—probably every mother's son of them—within ten hours after the crime. That combination of races known as descendants of the Conquistadores and the Aztec (and other) Indians, may enjoy seeing a man kill a bull of a pleasant Sunday afternoon, but it remains for *nosotros los sajones* to enjoy the final tortures of a human being slowly consumed by fire and to gloat over his screams and writhings. Cuanhtemoc's feet were boiled in oil; but that was some four centuries ago, and it was not done by the Mexicans, but by a more civilized people—the Spaniards. And does it become us Americans to hold up our hands in holy horror at ancient *autos de fe*, when we reflect on modern Texas?

With the calmness of self-sufficient virtue we point the finger of scorn at our neighbors and cry: "Yaquis!" In rejoinder the Mexican hisses between his teeth, "Rock Springs!"

Which has the better of the argument?

E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, November 11.

ELBA AND ST. HELENA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In June last I wrote to you, asking whether there was any significance in the fact that the hero of the "Return from Elba" landed on the anniversary of Waterloo. You stated then that you did not care to prophesy who was the Wellington or the Napoleon. Are you prepared to do so now?

Max B. May.

Cincinnati, O., November 11.

SINGLE TAX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Now that you have scotched socialism by exposing its backbone, will you not do the same for the single tax movement?

Last year the city of Cleveland elected a board of five real estate appraisers, three of whom were picked by Tom L. Johnson, which means, of course, that they are disciples of Henry George. Two of them are men of wealth, and all of high standing. These appraisers increased the land assessments for taxation purposes enormously. A small area around the Public Square was raised more than one hundred millions of dollars on the land alone.

Since that time, the secretary of the board of appraisers, Mr. John A. Zangerle, himself a large land-owner, has been going about the city giving stereopticon talks on the subject of taxation. He throws a picture of this small area of land on the screen, and tells his audience that this $100,000,000 of land value was not produced by the owners of the land and really belongs to all of the people.

Mr. Zangerle was smooth and cautious about it. He used no violent terms, as the Socialists do; but the point of his teaching is that rent is robbery. And, of course, the word rent is here used in its strict economic meaning.

Is rent robbery? Or, rather, is private appropriation of rent unjust? H. M. H.

Cleveland, O., November 11.

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A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an essay on Japanese color prints in your last number, the types made me call Fenollosa's "Catalogue of the Masters of *Ukioye*" *heavy* reading. It is the last word that could be applied to one of the most intoxicating bits of criticism in the English language. I wrote *heady*.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

Princeton, N. J., November 10.

THE CASTILIAN LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It need hardly be said that the writer on "Pronouncing Spanish" (*Nation*, November 3) is quite right in supporting the opinion expressed by Mr. Warshaw (*Nation*, October 20), that the language used in Spanish America is good Spanish. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand how he can assert that "the Castilian pronunciation is not used [in Spanish America], just as it is not used in Andalusia, whence so many emigrated to the New World," and even that "Castilian is not a language, but a particular way of pronouncing a language," statements these which are in direct contradiction to long and well-established doctrine. For Castilian—besides Gallego-Portuguese the only important and direct offshoot of Hispanic Latin—is the language in which the heroic spirit, the intensely loyal patriotism and the fervent faith of the Castilian nation have found their typical expression. If this noble tongue in the course of time also received the more comprehensive name of "Spanish," it is because concurrently with the political ascendency of Castile over two other kingdoms of the Peninsula, Leon and Navarre-Aragon, it absorbed in a sense the idioms of these regions, and furthermore because it became the vehicle of a literature both richer and more commanding than that of the other Hispanic peoples. It is exactly this rôle of Castile and of its language in the development of Spain that gives the key to such a literary evolution as the one described by Mr. Ménéndez Pidal in his recent book on "L'Épopée castillane à travers la littérature espagnole" (Paris, 1910). Beginning with the early part of the thirteenth century, the idiom of Castile followed the conquering hosts into Andalusia and thence to the new possessions beyond the sea. It is owing to this well-known fact that the so-called peculiarities of Andalusian pronunciation are shared alike by parts of Castile and Spanish America, and that in the colonial domain the term *lengua Castellana* is by many still considered preferable to *lengua española*.

H. R. Lang.

New Haven, Conn., November 7.

PROFESSOR SANTAYANA'S PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the review of my "Three Philosophical Poets" in the current number of the *Nation*, the critic says "there is in this [*i. e.*, in my] philosophy a disquieting touch of 'make-believe'; we are to know the hard facts of life, and then we are to weave about them our ideas as in a play and imagine these ideas to be true." If he had said "and *not* imagine these ideas to be true," he would have exactly rendered my meaning. It is a little hard, after devoting all my efforts to exposing the folly, and the want of "central veracity," in palming off one's imaginative theories for literal discoveries, as people have usually done in their precipitancy and lack of critical conscience, to be now told by an evidently well-meaning critic that it is I that advocate "make-believe."

G. Santayana.

Cambridge, Mass., November 8.

[I naturally regret that my review should seem to Professor Santayana to have misrepresented his book. At the same time it is not easy to see how any other interpretation than that of the review can be given to the sentences there quoted from the book itself, as, for instance: "The true theory [of the world] like the false resides in the imagination." Statements of a similar nature might be quoted from Professor Santayana's other works. The point at issue really turns on the meaning of the much-abused word truth; and I can only repeat what I said in the review, that Professor Santayana's philosophy seems to me at bottom a pragmatism of the imagination as the philosophy of Professor James was a pragmatism of the will.—The Reviewer.]

Literature.

WHITE'S SEVEN GREAT STATESMEN.

Seven Great Statesmen in the Warfare of Humanity with Unreason. By Andrew Dickson White. New York: The Century Co. $2.50 net.

In a certain sense this book may be regarded as a sequel to President White's well-known "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology"; but he here pursues the more vivid and concrete method of teaching by biography. Principles never exert their greatest influence until they are embodied in a man. So Mr. White has chosen seven individuals through whom to illustrate the chief advance in European statesmanship during the past three centuries. The list is significant; it contains two Italians—Sarpi and Cavour; three Germans—Thomasius, Stein, and Bismarck; one Hollander—Grotius, and one Frenchman—Turgot. It will be observed that there are no Spaniards and no Britons, for the obvious reason that since 1600 Spain has produced no statesmen of the first rank, while the British statesmen have been busy in extending and perfecting principles already acknowledged rather than in promulgating new principles of general application. This is as true of Hampden as of Chatham and Burke, of Pitt as of Russell and Gladstone. Cromwell, the transcendent British statesman since 1600, is excluded on the same ground that Napoleon and Frederick are. Having in mind Mr. White's qualifying phrase—"in the warfare of humanity with unreason"—we find his choice well justified; for this qualification rules out such statesmen as Alberoni and Metternich, whose strength lay in so combining and controlling the forces of unreason that they postponed the emancipation of humanity.

Mr. White's method is straightforward. He gives a sufficient biography of his subject; describes the time and the environment; and then states the doctrines which the man put forth, or his achievements in actual statecraft. In this way, he emphasizes what is really important and omits the superfluous. Several of his essays—the Grotius, Thomasius, Turgot, and Stein, for example—are the best in English on those men, if we judge them, as we should, by the limits which the author set himself and has consistently observed. The biography of Sarpi also is full of pith, although the account of Sarpi's posthumous persecution might be condensed; and the whole may profitably be supplemented by Horatio Brown's Taylorian Lecture. Mr. White's Cavour, while containing the essential facts, seems less artistically fused than his Bismarck, which is by far the longest of these studies, and paints what any one save a German idolater must regard as a very sympathetic portrait of the Iron Chancellor. Personal and official relations with the man, and a familiar acquaintance of half a century with Germany, have evidently contributed to the success of the Bismarck.

If we inquire what each of these seven men did to entitle him to a place in this group, we get some idea of the horrors from which mankind has emerged during the past three hundred years. Sarpi stands for all time as the champion of secular government against ecclesiastical domination. The arguments by which he resisted the pretensions of Pope Paul V will hold good not merely for Romanists, but for Greeks, or Anglicans, or any other religionists in a similar situation. What gave edge to the Venetian resistance which Sarpi led was the fact that Venice was a devout Catholic country in matters of religion. The policy of state independence from Clerical rule has gone on penetrating every Catholic nation. At each struggle forward towards liberty the people, by a sure instinct, have sought first to destroy priestly control. Thereby they follow Sarpi's example, though they know it not: and Sarpi, we need hardly point out, had behind him all the great Catholics who agreed with Dante in condemning the blending of secular and religious concerns at Rome.

Grotius also proclaimed beneficent doctrines of universal application. Mr.

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White describes forcibly the awful condition of the world into which he was born, a world in which war was almost the normal state of man, and satanic cruelties were practised. Amid this welter of evil Grotius published in 1625 his work, "De Jure Belli ac Pacis," "the most beneficent of all volumes ever written not claiming divine inspiration." It asserted the rights of non-combatants; it appealed to arbitration; it urged that the solidarity of civilized nations imposed upon them the obligation to prevent any of their members from plunging into war to the injury of all; it preached tolerance. Grotius's gospel has become so integral a part of the belief of enlightened men and women, that it is hard to realize that there was a time when it was novel and denied. Yet the great book was speedily put on the Index and kept there; and militarism was never so scientifically organized as it is to-day.

The chief contributions of Thomasius to human progress were his opposition to persecution for witchcraft and to judicial torture. Perhaps it is well that mankind forgets easily, because if they remembered the atrocities which their grandfathers committed they would be paralyzed by remorse; and yet, as a warning to what lengths unreason may go, the history of witchcraft ought to be kept fresh. Protestants and Catholics were alike guilty of persecution, but where the victims of the former were counted by tens, those of the latter suffered by thousands. Against this abomination and against procedure by torture Thomasius wrought manfully, and with such success that before his death in 1728 he beheld the tide of reform rising.

These three men—Sarpi, Grotius, and Thomasius—strove to abolish evils which did not belong to any particular time, race, or creed: for ecclesiastical truculence, war-lust, cruelty, and intolerance are among the commonplaces of history. But Mr. White's remaining four statesmen devoted themselves to the more specific task of destroying or transforming feudalism. Thus we find Turgot—of whom Mr. White writes with well-merited enthusiasm—busied with affairs of commerce and of agriculture, bent on removing unjust taxes, and on opening the door of opportunity to the downtrodden classes. Turgot sought to overthrow neither the King nor the nobility, but to curtail their insatiate greed in order that those who made up the strength of the nation should share in the wealth produced by their labor and should enjoy political rights. Stein performed a somewhat similar service for Germany. To Cavour fell the still harder task of abolishing the old régime and of creating United Italy. He had to overcome not only class privilege and absolutism, but the tenacious Papal institution and the practical suzerainty of Austria over three-fourths of the Peninsula. His work on one side resembled that of Sarpi, on another that of Turgot, on a third that of Bismarck.

Bismarck, indeed, is the one statesman whose inclusion in this group may be questioned. Mr. White hardly makes clear what contribution the Iron Chancellor made to the warfare of humanity with unreason. He unified Germany, and in so doing he swept away many mediævalisms, not because they were mediæval or unreasonable, but because they interfered with the working of a centralized Imperial government in which the sovereign should be almost an autocrat. Bismarck's guiding principle was not progress, but reaction. His prototype as a nation-builder is Richelieu; as a law-maker it is either of the great Hapsburgs, Leopold or Joseph, with their enlightened despotism. Bismarck had no solution save repression or extermination for those irresistible modern tendencies which we sum up in the single word democracy. His legislation against Socialism was a flimsy makeshift, which failed from the start. In economics, he fell back on protection and subsidies. In his exaggeration of militarism he did homage to War—the embodiment of inhumanity and unreason. Even in his *Kulturkampf* he seemed to be inspired by policy rather than by principle. If it turns out that mankind cannot stand liberty, then Bismarck, as the foremost modern apostle of authority, will have a message for future statesmen; but if liberty be the goal towards which evolution journeys, those who trampled on liberty will be regarded as allies of unreason. Then Bismarck will not be grouped with Sarpi, Grotius, and Cavour, but with the welders of empire by blood and iron. The fame of having unified Germany can never be taken away from him.

We wish that Mr. White had surveyed in a final essay the course of statesmanship, which we have so briefly glanced at, and had drawn parallels, in Plutarchian fashion, between one of his heroes and another. But in these studies he has furnished material from which readers can make their own comparisons. At many points he discusses questions which press upon us to-day. He lights up his very wide range of information with personal anecdotes, and he keeps constantly before us the historical conditions amid which his heroes lived. It is almost needless to say that he confirms his statements by constant reference to sources. No other foreigner, for instance, has read so exhaustively as he in Sarpi literature. And he is essentially fair-minded, although he never hides his detestation of bigotry, superstition, and cruelty.

This book ought to do much towards correcting popular misconceptions as to what makes a statesman. Especially in America is that title bestowed with such indiscriminate profusion that it has come to mean little. An excellent series of biographies deals with some *forty* American statesmen. Judged by Mr. White's Seven, only three or four of these forty were of the great breed. His book may also reassure those persons who, judging from modern instances, fear that statesmanship is merely another name for volubility. Not one of these seven was an haranguer: all of them were men of thought; Sarpi, Turgot, Stein, Cavour, and Bismarck were men of action, while Grotius and Thomasius proved that a thinker may deserve by his pen to rank among the world's statesmen. One other fact is shown by Mr. White's heroes: inflexibility of purpose was a trait common to them all—even to Bismarck, who was unblushingly opportunist in his political dealings but steadfast in his authoritarian ideal. We predict for Mr. White's volume a wide reading among the readers whose opinion counts.

CURRENT FICTION.

Clayhanger. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Helen with the High Hand: An Idyllic Diversion. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

"Clayhanger" is another chronicle of the "Five Towns," as long and as minute as "The Old Wives' Tale"; and readers who found that provincial epic either dull or squalid should be fairly warned. Mr. Edwin Clayhanger is not an exciting person: a sort of Mr. Polly *sans* humor and inspiration. He is the son of a self-made printer in Bursley. His education is small, and his travels, up to that middle age at which (for the moment) we leave him, have extended several times to London, and once to Brighton. He has some mental ability and more self-sufficiency. The story is told so scrupulously from his point of view that he seems almost to have told it himself. It is all serious business to him; why should it not be to us? And if it is also rather monotonous business, why should we not feel that, too? Unless for that chance evening at the Dragon, with the Mutual Burial Club, and the vision of the ravishing Florence Simcox—unless for this one innocent lapse into a region of fleshly joys—Clayhanger's youth is unrelieved by the sowing of wild oats. Its one dream is escape from the printing-shop, and the achievement of an architect's career. But Clayhanger senior is a self-wrought product and cannot value the stuff that dreams are made on. Clayhanger junior's fight for his own future is quickly over. When the old man finally dies—this mercilessly detailed record of his lingering and doddering end the most exacting realist of us might wish

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abridged—the time for dreams is past, and the son settles down to middle age, with a middle-aged sister whose share of romance has been far smaller than his own. For in young manhood he has loved and lost a girl of no ordinary type; and toward the end of this chronicle, just as a crusty and finicking bachelorhood seems to have claimed him, he finds her again. Why she has jilted him years before remains a mystery. That it is not to remain so, and that the unmitigated happiness ever after of the reunited pair is not to be taken for granted, is sufficiently guaranteed by the note appended to these seven hundred pages:

> The author will in 1911 publish a novel dealing with the history of Hilda Lessways up to the day of her marriage with Edwin. This will be followed by a novel dealing with the marriage.

"Helen with the High Hand," as the sub-title suggests, though it is also a "Five Towns" tale, represents a deliberate relaxation of Mr. Bennett's scrupulous attention to the not always towardly fact (speaking romantically) of his provincial scene. Helen and her captive uncle are a charming pair who would be altogether out of their element in an "Old Wives' Tale" or a "Clayhanger." They give play to that Puckish spirit over which, when he pleases, Mr. Bennett has full control, but which remains a very real part of him. It has amused him to chronicle the feats of Helen, and the result is amusing. But we must continue to think that the real business of this versatile writer is the serious business of interpreting his Five Towns in the light of that quiet and, if you will, sombre irony which distinguishes him from Mr. Hardy or Mr. Phillpotts.

Molly Make-Believe. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Co.

We had heard of matrimonial bureaus and of first-aid-to-bachelor-housekeeping, but never before of professional love-letters at so much the week. Once having hit upon this novel idea, a less capable mind than the author's would have directed it to the unhappily married or to those past the marriageable age; but that a young man engaged to a Boston bud should be the chief subscriber furnishes not only the proper thorn for the rose of romance in this twentieth century, but much the right sort of flourish and bravado, too. One trembles a little for the author when one realizes that she is actually going to put through such a proposition. "The Diary of Adam" was a farcical idea, but many have wished that even Mark Twain had stopped at the mere title. And to write love-letters advertised at the outset to be professional is not easy. Miss Abbott neatly solves the problem by not being professional at all, and by making her heroine,—the head of "The Serial-Letter Co."—a wee thing of impulse and surprise. For those who like them, the hero is built on Mr. Davis's rococo lines; and though the rendering of poetic justice at the close does not take long, the sentimentally-minded need have no fear of being cheated of a thrill.

The Yardstick Man. By Arthur Goodrich. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The best thing to be said of this story is that the last seventy-five pages are markedly superior to those that precede. This, as novels go, is by no means common. The amiable dilettantism of the author's previous books has risen to real vigor and sincerity in the portrayal of the financial and moral crisis in which Jones, a "successful" business man, finds himself involved. That he emerges with credit from such a crisis is due to the generosity of a moderately young Lochinvar, Roger Mathewson, a former college acquaintance, who, as an emissary of the Pacific and Eastern Railway, comes in from the West to Manhattan, tactfully declines to run away with the "yardstick-man's" wife—she preferring, in a passing mood of revolt, his unconquerable boyishness to "Jonesey's" aridity—defeats the money baron, John P. Carnahan, and, incidentally, Jones, at his own game of stock-juggling, and then loftily refuses to drive said Jones into bankruptcy.

The tale is not unduly spun out, and the style, if not one of distinction, is, at any rate, somewhat above mediocrity. There are several faults in the story, the most grievous of which is the attempted characterization of a college professor, who is on a visit to raise funds for his beloved Credmore. His absurd mannerisms and almost as absurd language are not reflected from the mirror of nature. The author's sense of humor, for the most part delicate, here plays him false.

THE LETTERS OF ERASMUS.

Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami denuo recognitum et auctum per P. S. Allen, M.A., Collegii Mertonensis Socium. Tom. II, 1514-1517. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.75.

We have already, in reviewing the first volume of this great undertaking (*Nation*, January 24, 1907), commented on the inspiring spectacle presented by the friendly rivalry of two Oxford men at work on the Letters of Erasmus, one printing them in the original, the other in an English version. The second volume of Mr. Nichols's translation carried the letters down to 1517 (see the *Nation*, January 12, 1905), and we now have the Latin text brought to the same year. Of the scholarly zeal of Mr. Allen in his laborious task we shall not speak again at length. But we may note that this second volume required more care and patience than did the first; here first we come upon letters which are printed only from rough drafts. As these were often hasty scrawls with additions wandering up and down the pages and with many deletions, the nicest judgment was required in forming a text from them.

As for the substance of these letters from August, 1514, to June, 1517, they are of course largely concerned with matters of textual criticism and with compliments which fail to bring us very close to the heart of the writer or recipient. Here and there one marks a sentence or phrase for the nice turn of the language or for the glimpse it offers into some aspect of old life. Now and then we seem to get a hint of the new style and model that were to create the literature of the northern lands, as, for instance, in such a phrase as *litteratæ voluptatis sensu tangi* (p. 97), or in such a sentence as this: *Proinde videbar mihi repperisse rationem ut delicatis animis hac arte tanquam obreperem et cum voluptate quoque mederer* (p. 94), in which an attentive ear may catch suggestions of many things to come, down to Sainte-Beuve's sad comfort in being *le dernier des délicats*. Oftener we may hear the forerunner of Voltaire, as in the words of one of Erasmus's correspondents which might well have come from Erasmus himself: *Sed quamvis cætera fragilis, studio tamen sum obfirmatissimus; quae una res me et reficit et valde consolatur* (p. 158). That is not just the tone one hears in the letters of students to-day; indeed, it sometimes almost seems as if that power of reflection and consolation in study was slipping away from our scholars, and books were becoming to them more and more a burden.

The two most important documents in this volume—and in the whole collection—are the long autobiographical letter to a certain Lambert Grunnius written from London in August of 1516, and the letter to Martin Dorp, written from Antwerp in May of 1515. Mr. Allen is inclined to agree with Mr. Nichols in holding Grunnius to be a pure figment, and we have already recorded our opinion that this is the simplest explanation of a thorny question. The letter to Dorp, which makes almost a little book in itself, is Erasmus's well-known defence of his "Moriæ Encomium" and of his desertion of theology for literature. It is one of the earliest documents in the long battle of the wits that was then opening, and one of the most interesting. Change "theology" to "philology" and we might seem to be hearing by anticipation the quarrel of Pope with his Tibbald. It would be an entertaining study, indeed, with this letter as starting point, to portray Erasmus as the first of the "wits"—at least the first in northern lands. This letter should not be left without reference to the phrases in it which give an interpretation of Erasmus's use of the

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word *stultitia* often missed by his critics and biographers. It is that illusion of the heart, appearing to the reason as folly, which "overcomes all the wisdom of the world."

History of the Great American Fortunes. By Gustavus Myers. Vol. III. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.50.

This volume of Mr. Myers's work takes up the achievements of certain contemporary millionaires; principally, so far as space is concerned, J. Pierpont Morgan. The book appeared at a moment when three magazines were beginning, each on its own account, a "popular sketch" of Mr. Morgan's career in serial form, the grave announcement and flamboyant advertising of which might have led the familiar Man from Mars to suppose that the foremost citizen of the Republic was being chronicled.

It has never, in fact, been wholly clear whether this unusual amount of description, biography, and analysis, in the case of a career in high finance, was recognition of the fact, sometimes alleged, that the "multimillionaire" nowadays shares the honors of public pre-eminence with the statesman and the writer of short stories, or was merely an effort to hunt down wickedness in high places. The same doubt existed regarding the prolonged embalming of John D. Rockefeller in the columns of the same magazines. The historians of Mr. Morgan throw little light on this question. Some of them, like Mr. Steffens in *Everybody's*, affect the mysterious air of a Sherlock Holmes unravelling the secret crimes of finance. They and the anonymous authorities with whom their long conversations on the subject are reported "laugh cynically," "mutter," and "whisper," as they run upon one or another clue to the Money Power's infamies. Others, like Mr. Turner in *McClure's*, apply themselves to a study of inheritances, traits, and environment, as if admitting that the subject of their discussions is interesting solely in himself. Most of them, it must frankly be admitted, approach the matter with strong signs of preconceived opinion, not of a flattering character, whose correctness they mean to prove, whether or no. Of this type of discussion, Mr. Myers's book is pre-eminent.

We hold no brief for the "multi-millionaires." We have, indeed, ourselves been assured by high authority in the railway and industrial world, and by authority as far as possible removed from the field of muckraking, that there are few if any of the prodigious American fortunes, the history of whose accumulation would not present at least one chapter of questionable business morality. Be this as it may; we insist nevertheless that when an historian sets out to tell the story of a man or a career, it is his business to tell it fairly. If one action in that career is open to grave criticism on ethical considerations, it does not follow that the next action is of necessity similar. But this is precisely what Mr. Myers takes for granted. The presumption with which he examines each successive achievement is that there must have been something wrong about it.

Now, to study a great financial operation, with a view to making sure whether it was really a "square deal" or not, is assuredly the financial historian's duty. But he must also know all the facts and circumstances before he is entitled to pass judgment. Thus, the purchase by Drexel, Morgan & Co. of a United States government loan in 1877, and their prompt re-sale of it at an advance of 1 to 4 per cent., is denounced by Mr. Myers as "one of the very worst cases ever known of the people being betrayed." Perhaps so; perhaps not. In order to criticise the affair intelligently, it is essential to know what was the real condition of the open investment market where Mr. Myers so confidently declares the government "could have disposed of the bonds without intermediaries." He gives not the least evidence of having ever examined or considered that question, or the further question, what incidental profits great international banking houses usually get for lending their credit to the placing of loans even for great foreign governments.

After this, it is not surprising to find the author denouncing the episode of 1895, when the bankers are pictured as "compelling" a bond issue and then "milking" the government on the terms. Again perhaps so, and perhaps not; the terms were certainly harsh. But we find no evidence that the author has ever reflected on the part played by inflation of the currency through the Silver-Purchase Act of 1890, and by the emptying of the Treasury through the McKinley Revenue Law of the same year. The conclusions arrived at may conceivably be correct; the method of arriving at them is not deserving of serious consideration. Historically, it is all quite of a piece with Mr. Myers's offhand acceptance, in a sentence or two, of the wholly exploded theory of the "crime of 1873."

We should hardly deem it worth while to devote thus much attention to a discussion of the sort, but for the fact that such haphazard assertions and deductions do harm, and do it, not to the men or institutions against which they are supposed to be directed, but to the cause of financial reform which they profess to uphold. That the methods of what has come to be known as High Finance in Wall Street have repeatedly been objectionable in principle, illegal in practice, and utterly demoralizing in influence, is nowadays scarcely a debatable question. The efforts of sound thinkers and independent-spirited legislators have been directed towards punishing such abuses where they can be punished, and preventing them at all times. The new insurance law and the new trust company law of Gov. Hughes's State administration; the Supreme Court decisions under the Anti-Trust Law, at the instance of President Roosevelt's Administration; the new powers with which the Public Service Commissions and the Interstate Commerce Commission have been clothed; the extension, not yet completed, of the public restrictions on capitalization of new enterprises, on recapitalization of old, and on methods of speculation in the stock exchanges—all these are steps in the same direction. Further progress in that direction will be achieved, however, not at all through indiscriminate clamor at everything done by great banking interests, but by careful, thorough, and entirely fair examination of every episode involving the old-time financial practices.

Nothing in Mr. Myers's book is more striking an instance of the wrong way of writing financial history than his description of Mr. Morgan's part in the panic of 1907. Two legends have already grown up regarding the incident of October 24, when the Stock Exchange had approached the point of general suspension of payments, and when J. P. Morgan & Co. appeared as lenders of $25,000,000, at high rates, to avert the catastrophe. One, the popular legend, regards Mr. Morgan as a sort of demigod who had answered the prayers of Wall Street and descended upon it in a benevolent shower of gold. The other—which we may term the La Follette theory, because that statesman gravely expounded it to Congress in 1908—assumes the existence of a group of millionaires who create both prosperity and adversity for their own wicked ends, and who caused with that purpose the panic of 1907, by hiding away $25,000,000 in cold cash, which Mr. Morgan suddenly produced and sold at exorbitant rates to Wall Street, when he could see no further advantage to be gained.

Both conceptions of Mr. Morgan's part in the panic are picturesque; Mr. Myers, it hardly need be said, accepts the second. One is as reluctant to destroy either picture as to destroy the time-honored narratives of Romulus and the wolf, or of Joshua and the sun. Such stories make for the winter fireside's entertainment. But the simple fact, which any one who cared to inquire might have learned, is that on October 24, 1907, the New York banks themselves were in a panic; that they had begun to refuse to lend, in violation of the soundest principles of dealing with a crisis; that the president of the Stock Exchange set forth the desperate situation to the banks, enlisting Mr. Morgan's large per-

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sonal influence to support him; that the banks yielded, issuing $25,000,000 in new credits through recourse to clearing-house loan certificates; that they fixed a high rate of interest, in line with the well-established rule that only thus could the loans be sure of going to the people who really needed them; and that Mr. Morgan's house was employed to offer the bank loans on the Stock Exchange.

Quiet Days in Spain. By C. Bogue Luffmann. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

The impression made by Mr. Luffmann's book is that the author has been sharing the everyday life of the Peninsula, a life still destitute of almost every domestic comfort known to modern civilization. He winters on a small estate in the bleak hills of the Sierra Nevada, and summers in the Vega of Malaga with an old woman who furnishes his table for six and eight pence a week. His book has little to say of cathedrals or galleries, art or history, nor is it the notebook of the would-be vagabond who, in search of the glamour and romanticism of Gautier's time, snapshots Spain from the third-class window and the *casa de huespedes*. The author says, "the aim has been to write provincially—to set the local fact on its ground." In this he has succeeded. A multitude of humble details lend unusual freshness to what is rather a picture than a narrative, with all the continuity and intimacy that distinguish living from sightseeing and reality from pose. That contradictions abound is proof of truthfulness, for Spain is the land of contradictions.

The author is not so happy in his reflections, for it is dangerous to generalize about a whole made up of such parts as Castile, Catalonia, Biscaya, and Andalusia, and it would lead one far afield if one began to answer the challenge of his general statements. The impress left by the Moor upon Spain is fundamental, but it is absurd to say that "all his [the Spaniard's] dreams are of the East and of the Moorish period in the West. His old romances are based entirely on Arabic themes; his modern stage characters hail from Morocco; his lover of fiction is under the spell of eyes which have captivated him in Tangier" (p. vii). To affirm that "all decrees are of a suppressive character; press censorship; no public meeting; no free education; no unions or alliances; no emigration without permit; no petitions for work nor demonstrations against rapacious authority" (p. ix), is to convey an altogether false idea of contemporary Spain. The statement that "the fingers are used alike by rich and poor in carrying food to the mouth. . . . In the highest society food is handled a great deal, and it is a mark of attention to be fed from the fingers" (p. 96), might apply to Persia, but certainly not to Spain. The author's habit of intruding upon the reader his personal views of life reminds one of Montaigne, though the manner is not so happy or naïve. It is a little startling to be told that "nothing is important which man may do. It may be necessary for the moment; at the next a new necessity will arise. Consider what any reform has ever done. Never has there been one which did not increase human misery."

For all this, the book may be heartily commended for its portrayal of provincial life, for its homely illustrations of local character, and for the many interesting facts which find no place in handbooks or among the superficial notes of the ordinary traveller.

Practical Real Estate Methods. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.

This volume comprises the addresses delivered during the last five years to the real estate classes of the West Side Young Men's Christian Association of New York. Some thirty different experts have here expressed themselves upon various real estate problems. Francis E. Ward, former president of the Real Estate Board of Brokers, and Joseph P. Day, the present president, are among the contributors. The public questions pertaining to realty, such as tax assessment and tenement-house regulations, are admirably canvassed by Lawson Purdy and Lawrence Veiller, respectively.

An examination of the volume reveals how various are the qualifications needed to equip the successful dealer in real estate. The realty history of the city in general and of particular neighborhoods; the law of leasing, managing, appraising, condemning, insuring, selling, and building; the tact for administration; the diplomacy of commerce; no less than character, personality, and imagination are all required.

Not only the practitioner, as well as the owner and investor, can obtain serviceable suggestions from this symposium; but the economist also will profit by its perusal. The subject of land in theoretical economics is too imperiously dominated by certain broad and rigid generalizations, such as the assumed limitation of the land supply, the automatic increase of its rent, its comparative freedom from commercial risk, and its supposed coign of vantage as regards the other factors of production. All of these hypotheses are rudely jostled by the testimony of men who make real estate dealing their profession. When the retail shops begin to relocate, and wholesale houses invade the forsaken territory, there is often "an actual drop in the value of property so replaced by wholesale [establishments]" (p. 203). The agent, it is now universally admitted, seeks the tenant; not the tenant the agent, as formerly. The trade is evidently as plastic as most other commercial enterprises; and land and its improvements are seen to be quite akin to the other instrumentalities of production. The closet economist's ideas about land remind one of what Emerson says of the young citizen's illusion about society:

> It lies before him in rigid repose, with certain names, men, and institutions, rooted like oak trees to the centre, round which they all arrange themselves as best they can. But the old statesman knows that society is fluid; there are no such roots and centres, but any particle may suddenly become the centre of the movement, and compel the system to gyrate round it.

Notes.

Dent & Sons are to bring out separately the introductions to the Everyman Edition of Dickens which were written by G. K. Chesterton.

As number three of the "Girton College Studies," the Cambridge University Press is publishing Miss M. G. Clarke's "Sidelights on Teutonic History during the Migration Period: being Studies from Beowulf and other Old English Poems."

"The Mayor of Casterbridge" in Harper's new thin-paper edition brings us to one of the three or four great books of Hardy's Wessex series—probably most readers would think quite the greatest after "The Return of the Native."

Thomas Hughes's "History of the Society of Jesus in North America" (Burrows Brothers), noticed in the *Nation* of October 27, is to be completed in six volumes, of which the third volume forms the second instalment of Documents. The publication of the second volume of Text is not yet announced.

The seventh series of Paul E. More's "Shelburne Essays," just issued by Putnams, contains twelve studies of nineteenth-century authors and movements, viz.: Shelley, Wordsworth, Thomas Hood, Tennyson, William Morris, Louisa Shore, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Francis Thompson, The Socialism of G. Lowes Dickinson, The Pragmatism of William James, Criticism (dealing mainly with Matthew Arnold, Pater, and Oscar Wilde), and Victorian Literature (The Philosophy of Change). A number of these papers appeared originally, in considerably abridged form, in the *Nation*.

H. G. Wells's novel, "The New Machiavelli," the publication of which Duffield & Co. have postponed until January, sketches the rise of the hero to political fame, and his renunciation of the great prizes which England offers her successful leaders.

Henry Frowde, publisher of Prof. Edward Suess's "The Face of the Earth," writes to inform us that the fifth and concluding volume of the work will contain the index.

Emily James Putnam is publishing, with Sturgis & Walton, "The Lady," or studies of ladies of various nations, contemporary

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and otherwise. The same house announces "The Children's City," a sketch by Esther Singleton of resources of New York city, as a pleasure-ground for young people.

New publications from the press of Scribners for the month of November include: "France under the Republic," by Jean Charlemagne Bracq, professor of romance languages in Vassar College; "What Is Art," by John C. Van Dyke, and "Tales of Men and Ghosts," by Edith Wharton.

The Putnams will issue simultaneously in England, America, Germany, France, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and later in Spain, Italy, and Russia, an enlarged edition of Mr. Angell's book, "Europe's Optical Illusion," under the subtitle, "The Great Illusion." The author attempts to establish the thesis that, owing to the growing complexity of the modern credit system, it is a physical impossibility for one nation to benefit economically by the conquest of another. "A Short History of Women's Rights," by Eugene Hecker, is also in the hands of the Putnams.

The same firm, as the American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announces: "The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher," vol. ix, edited by A. R. Waller, and containing "The Sea Voyage," "Wit at Several Weapons," "The Fair Maid of the Inn," "Cupid's Revenge," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen"; "The Persian Revolution of 1905-1909," by Prof. E. G. Browne; "The First Part of King Henry IV," edited by J. H. Lobban; "The Idea of God in Early Religions," by Prof. F. B. Jevons: "A Geometry for Schools," by F. W. Sanderson; "Commercial Relations of England and Scotland, 1603-1707," by Theodora Keith, with a preface by W. Cunningham, archdeacon of Ely; "The Binding Force of International Law," by A. Pearce Higgins, and "The Presentation of Reality," by Helen Wodehouse.

Henry Holt & Co. are reprinting Prof. Henry A. Beers's two books on "English Romanticism" in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

William Howe Downes, art editor of the Boston *Transcript*, is preparing the authorized biography of the late Winslow Homer, and would be glad to hear from persons possessing any of Homer's letters.

Fifty-two new volumes were added in October by E. P. Dutton & Co. to Everyman's Library. We select a few of the titles: Sir Walter Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," with an introduction by Professor Saintsbury; the completion in three volumes, with index, of Gibbon's "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; "The Conquest of Granada," with an introduction by Ernest Rhys; Bede's "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," with an introduction and notes by Vida D. Scudder; Matthew Arnold's "On the Study of Celtic Literature, and Other Critical Essays," with an introduction by Ernest Rhys and a supplement by Lord Strangford and reprints from Nash's "Taliesin"; Hazlitt's "Lectures on English Poets" and "The Spirit of the Age," introduced by A. R. Waller; "Theology in the English Poets, Cowper, Wordsworth, Burns," by Stopford A. Brooke; Minor Elizabethan Drama, Vol. I, "Pre-Shakespearean Tragedy," selected, with an introduction, by Prof. Ashley Thorndike; Minor Elizabethan Drama, Vol. II, "Pre-Shakespearean Comedy"; "Aucassin and Nicolette," and fifteen other Mediæval Romances and Legends, selected and newly translated by Eugene Mason; Huxley's "Lectures and Lay Sermons," with an introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge; "The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews," with an introduction by Professor Saintsbury; Sir William Smith's "Smaller Classical Dictionary," revised and edited by E. H. Blakeney; Spinoza's "Ethics" and "De Intellectus Emendatione," translated by Andrew J. Boyle, with an introduction by Professor Santayana, and John Stuart Mill's "Utilitarianism, Liberty, Representative Government," with an introduction by Prof. A. D. Lindsay.

The Nobel prize in literature has been awarded this year to Paul Johann Ludwig Heyse, who for half a century has been in the forefront of German literature, as poet, dramatist, and novelist.

The *Geographical Journal* for November contains an account of a journey down the east bank of the Euphrates, by Gertrude L. Bell. It is a little known region, but it is full of ancient ruins, the location and investigation of which were the main object of the journey. The first Transandine railway connecting Buenos Aires and Valparaiso is described, with maps, sections, and illustrations, by W. S. Barclay. One important result of it, he asserts, will be the establishment of a regular line of steamers from Chili to Australasia. Now it is first necessary to go to San Francisco or Vancouver. Other articles relate to New Zealand, Russian Turkestan, and the Himalayas.

The University of Cambridge has taken over the copyright and control of the Encyclopædia Britannica and will issue from the Cambridge University Press, at the beginning of the year, the eleventh edition, a completely new work. India paper will be employed, by which the weight and bulk will be reduced to one-third of its present size. The new work will be issued, in twenty-eight volumes, as a complete whole, instead of volume by volume as previously.

That worse than being unemployed is being unemployable, and that the first state leads directly into the second, are the basic facts in a vigorous article by Edith Sellers in the November *Cornhill*. For the improving of both conditions, she urges technical training for the young, compulsory evening classes, sanatoria, insurance against invalidity, people's kitchens, penal colonies, colonies for inebriates, and, especially, reformed casual-wards, which, instead of being stepping-stones to the workhouse, will fulfil their purpose of helping men who are out of work to find work, and of helping them to keep themselves fit until work is found. For these last objects she suggests a labor bureau in every casual-ward, good food and beds, the opportunity of resting instead of working while there, and, not of least importance, their reservation exclusively for genuine work-seekers. The place for a work-shirker is a penal colony or a prison. A casual-ward ought to be kept as a refuge for decent men overtaken by misfortune.

The future of China is declared by Gilbert Reid, who is the director-in-chief of the International Institute of that country, to be neither partition nor revolution, nor yet federation with Japan. In an article in the *World's Work* for November, entitled "China—A Permanent Empire," this writer outlines the government of the China of the future as that of an empire similar to Germany, although he does not make this comparison in so many words. The time for dismemberment, he says, was China's moment of folly in the Boxer uprising of 1900, with a declaration of war against the whole world, and a most outrageous massacre of innocent men, women, and children. But there were four reasons why partition did not then take place. The first was the efforts of Sir Robert Hart in behalf of China, despite his own heavy losses in the outbreak. The second was the prompt action of Secretary of State John Hay in urging upon the Powers the advisability of maintaining the autonomy of China. The third was the position taken during the outbreak by strong viceroys in arranging that no foreign troops should infringe on the jurisdiction of the central and southern provinces, so long as they should stand aloof from the Boxer campaign; and the fourth, which seems sufficient in itself, was the conviction of the generals and ministers of the Powers that occupation of more than Peking and the metropolitan province was beyond their reach. The conditions that make revolution improbable are the newly-trained army, the counter-plans of the so-called reform party, and, mainly, the lack of a leader. Neither of the two men who might have accomplished it, Li Hung Chang, and, more recently, Yuan Shih Kai, chose to attempt it. As for federation, China is unable to appreciate such friendship as Japan displays in Korea and Manchuria. The future is to be a government of Emperor and Parliament, with decentralization of the power now, at least nominally, focussed at Peking. Division of functions between the Executive and the Legislature will thus be paralleled by another division between Peking and the twenty-one provinces.

We trust the Ball Publishing Company of Boston will be encouraged to continue its admirable series of reprints. Not long ago it gave us an interesting volume of essays by Francis Thompson which had never before been collected. This was followed by the audacity of a third series of Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," and now we have a selection from the journalistic work of John Davidson, under the title of "The Man Forbid and Other Essays." Edward J. O'Brien, who edits all these volumes, is happier, and briefer, in his Introduction here than he was with Arnold, and shows clearly the place of Davidson as one of the originators and leaders of that school of crackling, paradoxical, sententious style which is carrying everything before it among the reigning London wits, and which reaches its consummation in G. K. Chesterton. Some of the *genre* pictures, indirect critiques, and dialogues in the present collection sound a bit thin to ears accustomed to the enormous impertinence of Messrs. Shaw and Chesterton and Galsworthy, but, as a whole, we relish this revival of one whose tragic death is still so fresh in memory.

Every teacher of English in a college of any size knows the almost insuperable difficulty of providing the reading material for a course in the general history of English literature. No library contains duplicates enough to meet the needs of a class of four or five hundred, and extremely few students can afford to buy everything that is

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requisite. Into this economic opportunity there has flowed within recent years a stream of wholly inadequate little poetical anthologies and slender volumes of prose selections compiled in haste by light-hearted instructors for light-hearted publishers. The situation obviously called for a well-edited volume or two of manageable size, with opaque paper, clear type, and the capacity of an old-fashioned folio. Professor Manly at the University of Chicago approached the mark with two volumes, one for prose and one for poetry, of some 500 double-column pages each—a really substantial provision for a year's reading. Professors Cunliffe, Pyre, and Young at the University of Wisconsin now go a step farther and present a single volume of some 1,000 pages of similar style, containing both prose and poetry—"Century Readings in English Literature" (The Century Co.). The book is a credit to the publishers, and, so far as we have examined it, to the editors as well. We should like a little of Pepys's "Diary" to match the generous extracts from Boswell, a few letters of Chesterfield, or a part of his essay on decorum, or an essay of Hazlitt in lieu of some of the twenty pages of George Meredith's knotty verse; and so, we think, would most college students. On the whole, however, the "Century Readings" covers the ground from Chaucer to Meredith in a notably satisfactory manner, and, as a make-weight, the editors have thrown in a translation of "Beowulf" and "Gawain and the Green Knight."

In "The Silent Isle" (Putnam), A. C. Benson has written his impressions—or confessions—of life in perhaps a more rambling, intimate way than in any of his seven other volumes. He chooses, as he says, not to record his views in a single picture, but rather to sketch a hundred details, seeing life "from a simple plane enough, and with no desire to conform it to a theory, or to find anything very definite in it, or to omit anything because it did not fit in with prejudices or predilections. The only unity of mood which it reflects is the unity of purpose which comes from a decision"—this decision being to live upon "simpler and more rational lines," in consequence of "a deliberate belief that conventions were not necessary in contentment." So Mr. Benson lets fly a shaft here and there at the shallowness of literary discussion, at the cock-sureness of the modern young man, at modern biographers, and what not. In one passage upon the writing of books Mr. Benson seems to answer those criticisms of his former works which have charged him with lack of fixed purpose. The author has finished the book with which he has lived for months, and dispatched it to the press:

> And then comes what is the saddest experience of all; it will pass into the hands of friends and readers; echoes of it will come back to me, in talk and print; but it will no longer be the book I knew and loved, only a part of my past. And this is the hardest thing of all for a writer, that when others read one's book they take it for a flash of the present mood, while the writer of it will see in it a pale reflection of a time long past, and will feel perhaps even further away from his book than those who criticise it, however severely. If my book is criticised as I write it, or directly after I have written it, it is as though I myself were maltreated; but when it appears so belatedly, I am often the harshest critic of all, because my whole point of view may perhaps have shifted, and I may be no longer the man who wrote the book, but a man of larger experience, who can judge perhaps more securely than any one else how far behind life the book lags. There is no season in the world in which the mind travels faster from its standpoint than when it has finished a book, because during all the writing of it one has kept, as it were, tensely and constrainedly at a certain point; and so when freedom comes, the thought leaps hurriedly forward, like a weight lifted by an elastic cord that has been stretched almost to breaking.

It is easy to speak ungraciously of certain traits of Mr. Benson's writing—the monotony of his theme, the disquieting contrast between his rather self-centred epicurean life, as he portrays it, and his everlasting preaching of the creed of love, unselfishness, and consideration for others—but on the whole his is one of the quiet voices making for reflection against the prevalent worship of strenuousness and indiscriminate activity. It is encouraging to know that his successive volumes find so large a circle of readers. We could wish that he might feel inclined to vary his appeal by throwing his next volume into the form of discursive fiction. By far the best sections in "The Silent Isle" are, in our judgment, the sketches of the people that flit across the pathway of the recluse, and this gift of characterization might be employed more copiously and to better advantage.

Whatever may be thought of his poetry, Prof. William Cleaver Wilkinson has at all events erected a very respectable monument to industry in the writing of his epics. There are three of them—a "Saul," a "Paul," and a "Moses"—in four personable octavos, with which is associated, in completion of his poetic labors, a fifth volume of miscellaneous verse (Funk & Wagnalls). What is at first so striking about the array, which is nothing less than imposing in its library habiliments, is the fact that such a bulk of verse should ever have got itself written at all in "this ghastly thin-faced time of ours," when a first effort is usually sufficient to exhaust a poet's vitality and conviction. Nor is it less amazing to consider the motives which must have nerved a writer against the discouragements of such a particular task as this. For that an epic in one volume, much less in two, should find audience of any kind, to say nothing of one fit, though few, even the most sanguine could hardly believe nowadays. Not that it would be fair to deny Professor Wilkinson's performance certain merits. But as a whole his epics are, frankly, unreadable. In a way they combine a kind of Miltonic intention, with a kind of Browningesque execution. They have all the enginery of epic—elevated action, set similes, supernatural machinery, blank verse—everything which an epic should have, except the inspiration at once popular and literary, the universal moral appeal, intense and immediate, which does, or did once, vitalize such a production. And there is the point: in a time which has as a whole no moral insight to speak of, epic, like tragedy, is—it will not do to say impossible, for there is Professor Wilkinson to confute such a statement—but devoid of influence. Under these circumstances that a poet should be able to bring three works of the kind to pass, is evidence of remarkable force of character. And the pity of it that the waste of such powers—for wasted in a measure they are—is evidence also to the unhappy conditions under which our more ambitious literary work is done, in moral and intellectual solitude, and with a desperate persistence on the poet's part in his own sense of relative values right or wrong.

The Blacks have added to their list of sumptuously illustrated books about places an attractive volume entitled "Pompeii" (painted by Alberto Pisa, described by W. M. Mackenzie). The narrative is written with knowledge, and with a literary quality not too common in works of this character. The twenty illustrations in color as well as those in black and white are well-selected and excellently rendered. The book is imported by the Macmillan Co.

In "The Buried City of Kenfig" (Appleton), Thomas Gray sets forth with great thoroughness all that can be gleaned from old annals and documents regarding that interesting town in South Wales. Its known history, he tells us, begins with the Norman Conquest, but the city is older, the earliest mention of it being in 893 A. D. It was destroyed by a sand-storm—the fate of so many cities in this sandy region—some time between A. D. 1246 and 1317, and the only existing remains at the present day are a portion of the wall of the castle, situated at the top of the hill, which forms a picturesque detail in the lonely landscape. The task undertaken by the author of telling the history of a city destroyed six hundred years ago, and only occasionally mentioned by old chroniclers, is one that required great patience and conscientiousness. The book shows both these qualities, and it is, therefore, the more pity that much of its value is detracted by the inappropriateness of its style. In a few chapters, indeed, in which the old buildings of Kenfig are described or extracts from old documents of its history are given, scientific language is used, such as becomes a scientific subject, and these pages will be appreciated by the interested student. But the author seems to have desired to capture the layman as well as the student, and doubtless, if he had had the gift of making the past live in the present, he might have exercised a universal appeal. But, unfortunately, Mr. Gray's imagination is not of that stamp, and all he can do, in his fear of boring his imaginary casual reader, is to fill his pages with sentimental meditations clothed in flowery language. His style is, indeed, described by Walter de Gray Birch, the writer of the preface, as "bred of pure naturalness and keen observation," but whether these are its characteristic qualities, the reader may judge for himself from the opening paragraph of the book:

> Overhead birds are singing with heart-felt joy of life this glorious summer morning. All around me are hillocks of golden sand, tipped with pleasing contrast of colour by the green of the sea-sedge, with which they are clad in part. The soft summer wind whispers its sad note through the waving rushes as it comes from over the great waste of triumphant sand which seems as it were out of place so far from sound of murmuring sea.

To write a book of 230 closely printed pages about a little group of islands which contain only some nineteen square miles of land, and a population of less than twenty thousand souls, presupposes an interesting community, or an author most interested in his subject. In W. B. Hayward's "Bermuda" (Dodd, Mead), we have

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both, and the combination produces a result attractive alike to the reader, who has never seen the "vexed Bermoothes," and to one who has dwelt there always. It is divided into two parts, historical and descriptive. The history of the islands, for the general reader, at least, has the merit of almost complete novelty, and is told in a style at once simple and direct. From the successive wrecks which had given the Somers Islands such a bad name, from the days of struggle and starvation of its early inhabitants, through slavery times, until, feeling neglected by England, it was, not unwillingly, robbed of its English gunpowder to help our Washington fight English troops, and then of its struggles as a whale-fishing, shipbuilding, not too loyal colony, until the outbreak of our civil war, and then of the glorious days of blockade-running, Mr. Hayward picks out of his mass of documents the salient details of Bermuda's history, and so builds up a story that has no dull moments. In the chapter on literary associations, he has brought together in entertaining fashion pretty much everything that has been said about Bermuda, from Shakespeare to Mark Twain; and even one familiar with the island will probably be surprised to learn how many men of letters have written of it. And they all praise its amenities—all save Anthony Trollope, who, in contrast to our author, says: "It seems to me there can be no place in the world as to which there can be less to be said than there is about this island." The last four chapters deal with Bermuda of the present, and are in the nature of a guide book. Taken together, the two parts of the book are a history and a description of a place singularly interesting and comparatively unknown. The book is well printed, although its photographic illustrations lack somewhat in artistic merit and fail to give the atmosphere of the "Enchanted Islands," as only the pencil of an artist adequately could do.

Zeitschrift für Kolonialsprachen is a new periodical, edited by Professor Meinhof of the Hamburg Colonial Institute, the first number of which appeared this month at Berlin.

An album-like book, "Photographing in Old England, with Some Snapshots of Scotland and Wales," by W. I. Lincoln Adams, editor of the *Photographic Times*, is the literary and photographic record of a summer tour. It addresses chiefly the public of amateur photographers, and gives practical advice as to outfit, developing facilities, and choice of view. Excellent is the counsel that prints should be ruthlessly trimmed until they come into some sort of compositional unity. The publishers are the Baker & Taylor Company.

The publishers, G. Laterza e Figli of Bari, have undertaken the publication of what will virtually be a complete *corpus* of Italian literature from its origins to the present day. The coöperation of the most distinguished scholars of Italy has already been obtained, and some six hundred volumes are promised, each edited with a minimum of critical apparatus, but a maximum of textual accuracy, by the scholar most competent to deal with it. The volumes which have already appeared—two containing Bandello's novels, one of Gozzi's "Memorie," and a fourth containing a representative collection of "Lirici Marinisti" edited by B. Croce—give a most favorable impression of the series, both as to its scholarly character and its outward garb. The same publishers have also collected a half-dozen of Signor Croce's earlier essays on seventeenth-century literature under the title of "Saggi sulla Letteratura italiana del Seicento."

The death is reported in his sixty-seventh year of James C. Brogan, a scholar of distinction, and a writer, translator, and compiler for several encyclopædias. He was born in Ireland and educated at Maynooth College, but came in early manhood to this country. Before the breaking of his health he had reviewed a number of books for the *Nation*.

James Frothingham Hunnewell died recently in Boston, after having been in ill-health for six months. He was born in Charlestown in 1830, and during his long life wrote extensively on history. Among his works are: "Bibliography of Hawaiian Islands and Civilization of Hawaiian Islands," "The Lands of Scott," "Bibliography of Charlestown and Bunker Hill," "Voyage of the Missionary Packet," "The Imperial Island," "The Historical Monuments of France."

Dr. Ludwig Holmes, a Swedish clergyman, who was decorated by King Oscar II for his eminence as a poet, died last week in Philadelphia. He was born in Sweden in 1858 and received his early education there. He spent the greater part of his life in Illinois, and there held important offices in the church. King Oscar honored him in 1897 with the jubilee token in silver, and in 1901 with the blue ribbon, which is the highest award for literary merit. Five years later Dr. Holmes was knighted with the insignia of the Cross of the Order of Vassa. His best-known work is a volume called "Dickter af Ludvig."

Science.

THE AFTERMATH OF DARWINISM.

Charles Darwin and the Origin of Species. By E. B. Poulton. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $3.

Concealing Coloration in the Animal Kingdom: Being a Summary of Abbott H. Thayer's Discovery. By Gerald H. Thayer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7 net.

No chapter of Darwinism has held naturalists more entranced than that concerning the rôle of color of animals. Before Darwin it was recognized that the color of an animal might serve to protect it from enemies, adapting the animal to its environment, and thus fulfilling a "purpose." Color was *designed*, in brief, for protection from foes, and these foes likewise were designed to pursue each kind of animal and destroy it, the relation being so cunningly devised that the balance of nature was maintained.

After Darwin the origin of color was explained by its usefulness either in leading to escape from enemies or in allowing an easier approach to a victim. The former kind of coloration is known to-day as protective coloration, the latter as aggressive resemblance. A further development of the same theme has led to the recognition of mimicry and warning coloration. Mimicry means resemblance to another kind of animal or plant, either through a similarity in coloration or more especially through a resemblance in form. Warning coloration means that the animal, being noxious to possible foes, advertises its offensiveness by exhibiting itself conspicuously.

These matters have received elaborate treatment in two recent publications. Professor Poulton of Oxford, an ardent disciple of Darwinism, has brought together in book form some six lectures and addresses published in connection with the recent centenary celebrations of Darwin's birth. G. H. Thayer, the son of the artist, A. H. Thayer, applies and develops the views of his father in regard to the rôle of concealing coloration in animals.

With the exception of certain highly questionable hypotheses relating to mimicry in the butterflies of North America, there is little that is new in Professor Poulton's book. The author goes over the old ground with obvious relish, and has little to say, except what is derogatory, about the splendid advances that have been made since Darwin's time in the study of variation and heredity. The occasion may excuse, perhaps, the sentimental tone of the addresses, but hardly the lack of critical judgment. If the scientist sometimes advertises his emancipation from that very human weakness, credulity, he has only to read what has been written on this topic of animal coloration to humble his pride. Starting with a reasonably good case, the advocate of the rôle of protective color in nature is led by insensible steps to the wildest flights of undisciplined imagination.

This is well illustrated also in Mr. Thayer's beautiful book. With great skill and insight he points out some of the remarkable ways in which animal coloration might serve as a protection. His admirable illustrations of the effects of counter shading draw attention to a matter of interest to every student of nature. His photographs make good his claim that the lighter undercolor so prevalent in animals serves to make them invisible to us, and therefore *presumably* to some of their enemies, but whether the protection is needed or of vital importance to the animal as a protection against its enemies is a point taken for granted rather than demonstrated. His account, moreover, of the rôle of protective markings of animals, while full of interest, yet impresses the naturalist as too often a feat of the imagination

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rather than a contribution to zoölogy. For example, many of the cases that the naturalist has described as warning coloration because they have seemed to him to be obviously conspicuous are cited by Mr. Thayer as in reality protective if looked at from the right point of view. The case of the skunk made invisible by his white stripes that break up his contour against the sky line—the sky line, that is, of the grub on which he feeds—will appear fantastic, to say the least; and when roseate spoonbills and red flamingoes are projected against glowing sunsets and sunrises, one wonders whether this is art or science. The artist forgets that the devices which on a large scale seem to him to protect the animal, occur also in microscopic animals, where they can scarcely be supposed to represent all the shifting scenes of the forest; and while this difficulty does not, of course, disprove the conclusion that the larger markings may be useful, yet something more than an enthusiast's account of the possible protection offered will be necessary to establish the view that such effects have any significance in the battle for existence.

The death is reported from his home in Stamford, Conn., of Uriah Cummins, in his seventy-eighth year. He was the inventor of thirty successful mechanical devices. Besides writing upon scientific subjects he was the author of tales, historical and fanciful, dealing largely with the Indians of western New York.

The death is reported of Désiré-Jean-Baptiste Gernez, the French physician and chemist. He was born at Valenciennes in 1834, and studied at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, in which he was appointed professor in 1881. He wrote numerous scientific treatises, and in the sixties collaborated with Pasteur in the study of vines and the diseases of silk worms.

Dr. Henry Wurtz, chemist and scientist, died at his home in Brooklyn last week in his eighty-third year. Dr. Wurtz, who was born in 1828, was a graduate of Princeton University and also of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was chemical examiner in the United States Patent Office at the beginning of the civil war, as well as professor of chemistry in the National Medical College at Washington. Subsequently he was editor of the New York *Gas Light Journal*, and was one of the judges at the Philadelphia Exposition. He wrote numerous scientific treatises and discovered and named the minerals Huntilite and Animikite; the mineral Wurtzilite was named after him.

Drama.

"THE THUNDERBOLT."

"The Thunderbolt" of Sir A. W. Pinero, first played in England more than a year ago with a comparatively small measure of public success, was presented in the New Theatre here on Saturday night, and proved to be a work of rarely high quality. A popular piece it is not likely to be, for the humor of it is drab and cynical; the story, although both interesting and dramatic, is devoid of romance or sensation, and the personages, drawn with admirable veracity, are, with two exceptions, wholly unattractive. But as a genuine play, reflecting the manners and morals of a class and a period, and deriving its significance from the revelation of character under the stress of circumstance, it is, perhaps, the highest achievement of its author. Some of his most successful productions—"The Gay Lord Quex," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," for instance—models of stage craft in their way, are more or less suggestive of insincerity, of a calculated theatricalism, but "The Thunderbolt" is free from all suspicion of this sort. Neither in topic nor in treatment does it provide any cheap or glittering bait for the multitude. On the contrary, it is one long, bitter, satirical attack upon hypocrisies and meannesses common to all mankind, but attributed especially, in this instance, to the smug British middle class provincial. The immediate theme is the heartless and abominable conduct to which professedly respectable and religious persons will resort in order to maintain a false position or procure pecuniary gain.

To illustrate it—the story need not be given in detail—Pinero introduces a family group consisting of a reputed rich contractor, James Mortimore, his brother Stephen, and a sister, Rose, married to a Col. Ponting—all eminently respectable folk, who, for many years, have ostracized another brother, Edward, who has "gone into beer." When Edward dies, however, leaving a vast fortune behind him, without any apparent will, they all assemble in his house, like birds of prey, eager to seize upon their inheritance as next of kin. They all know that Edward had an illegitimate daughter, whom he worshipped, and whom they had expected to be his heiress, but they tacitly agree to ignore her moral rights and leave her to shift for herself. Only a fourth brother, Thaddeus, a poor musician, who has outraged their finer feelings by marrying Phyllis, the daughter of a small tradesman, for love, upholds the actual, if illegal, rights of the orphan. It turns out—and the scheme is handled with extraordinary naturalness and dexterity—that Edward really did make a will leaving his whole estate to his daughter Helen, and that Phyllis, finding it accidentally, and tempted beyond her strength, destroyed it. At the moment when "the family" are about to grasp their fortune—the expectation of which already has led them into various absurd extravagances—Thaddeus, too honest to profit by the fraud and resolved to save his wife at all hazards—declares the existence and purport of the will, and accuses himself of its theft and destruction. The scene of the confession, perfectly natural in its occurrence, is one of the most ingenious and, because it is natural, one of the most truly dramatic that any modern dramatist has devised. And it is wrought with a realism that is a triumph of minute observation. In general effect it is sordid, mean, repulsive, but it is undeniably and horribly true. On cross-examination Thaddeus contradicts himself so hopelessly—and here, too, Sir Arthur's cleverness is brilliant—that his wife's guilt is made manifest. Thus all the claimants, pillars of British respectability, are put at the mercy of the illegitimate child whom they have conspired to defraud. She, a proud, intelligent, honest, self-reliant creature—pitying Phyllis, who has made full confession, and satisfied with her father's recognition—declines to assert her rights, and, incidentally condoning a felony, agrees to an equal division of the estate, counting herself as one of the family.

But the value of the piece consists not in the incidents of the story, but in the vigor and truth of its satire and the veracity of its characterization. All the personages have their distinct personalities and are absolutely alive. And they are embodied with artistic fidelity at the New Theatre. Louis Calvert, Albert Bruning, A. E. Anson, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and E. M. Holland are the most distinguished figures in an eminently satisfactory cast. The performance was a striking illustration of the advantages of the stock system.

Oscar Wilde's whimsical comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," was revived in the Lyceum Theatre, on Monday evening, with considerable but not brilliant success. In London it has just had a very long run, but there it probably was better played. The piece shows its age very clearly. Some of the particular social follies which it ridicules have made way for others, and much of the humor—never wholly original—long ago became conventional. But the farcical situations and the epigrammatic cynicism of the dialogue, are still potent sources of amusement. Every scene bristles with smart phrases, but the wit in them is seldom of that rich quality which will bear reflection or repetition. Much of it is tricky, shallow, or obvious, and nearly all of it is suggestive of labor under the lamp. Flashes of anything resembling inspiration are rare. Nor is the satire in itself effective, for there is no energy or purpose behind it to make it real. All is conceived in the same light mood of indifference or even of utter cynicism. As drama, of course, the piece is of no account. It is insignificant and preposterous. But it will always be more or less amusing to persons seeing and hearing it for the first time. The present representation is only moderately good, none of the players being oratorically capable of giving full effect to the artificial dialogue.

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Messrs. Dent have announced a new series called "The Shakespeare Circle," in which Shakespeare's plays will be carefully prepared for reading classes. They are to be cut so as to bring each within the compass of not more than two hours and a half. "The Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It," both edited by Dr. Alfred P. Graves, will be the first to appear.

Madam Lillemohr Halversen, a Norwegian actress who has won considerable reputation in Christiania by her interpretations of the heroines of Ibsen, will soon make her first appearance on the London stage in "The Whip," at Drury Lane. An opportunity, of course, is an opportunity, but this seems to be somewhat of a descent.

The Coburn Players are to produce, at their second matinée, for the first time on any stage, "Alcestis," a poetic drama in English verse, by Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. The mythological story is closely followed.

Charles Frohman has decided to make a Christmas revival of Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," in which Ethel Barrymore will have the part of Rose. This piece was a great success when it was originally produced here with Mary Mannering and Hilda Spong in the cast.

The unabated popularity of "Henry VIII," at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, forces Sir Herbert Tree to abandon his original intention of producing Alfred Noyes's fantastic play, "The Forest of Wild Thyme," at the end of the year. He denies, however, that this piece has been shelved. He hopes to make it his Christmas attraction next year.

The dramatists whose works have been produced at the Comédie Française during the last twenty-five years entertained Jules Claretie at luncheon in celebration of his "silver wedding" as administrator of that theatre. Sixty-two authors were present, and M. Claretie's health was proposed by Paul Hervieu, the academician, and Paul Ferrier, president of the Society of Dramatic Authors. In his reply, M. Claretie pointed out that the House of Molière was more hospitable and less formidable than was sometimes believed. Both the public and the critics expected more of it than they expected elsewhere. M. Loubet once asked him why people were so severe in judging the Comédie Française. "Ah! Monsieur le Président," he replied, "c'est que nous sommes le Gouvernement." A government which had 171 curtain-raisers and 600 or 700 plays which it might produce, and only 365 days in the year to produce them in, required three or four theatres, if it was to satisfy all those who offered it new pieces for production. Then there were the actors—and actresses. As M. Claretie put it succinctly, "there are eyes—sometimes very beautiful—that shine like daggers."

Laurence Housman has just given a public reading in London of his play, "Pains and Penalties," which recently encountered the veto of the censor. The piece proved to be a dramatization from official sources of the later career of Queen Caroline, who is depicted as an innocent victim. Commenting upon the play, the London *Times* explains that the usual inference that there is something "not nice" in plays held up by the censor does not apply to "Pains and Penalties," in which unpleasant subjects, so far as they exist, are treated with delicacy and good taste. The real justification of the censor's decision lies, according to the *Times*, in the fact that the lives of George IV and of his pathetic Queen are not far enough in the past for an audience to distinguish an author's subjective treatment from the objective reality.

Music.

BERLIN AND NEW YORK.

It is now generally assumed that Berlin is the musical centre of the universe. It certainly is the goal of thousands of students from all parts of the world. America contributes so many of these that not a few of the more prominent teachers have found it expedient to follow them and reopen their studios there, sometimes with the same pupils they had at home. Of miscellaneous concerts and recitals Berlin has a greater number than any other city—sometimes more than fifty in a single week. The Royal Opera gives performances ten months a year, as against the five operatic months of New York. Does it not follow that Berlin is the world's musical metropolis? But this is to judge merely by quantity. If New York hears fewer musicians than Berlin, it is because here little attention is paid to any but the best, who never fail to visit us. In this way, too, we escape the deadening glut of music with which Berlin is afflicted.

Berlin has no better orchestra than the reorganized Philharmonic, or the visiting Bostonians, or the New York Symphony Orchestra. Nor has it a greater quintet of conductors than Gustav Mahler and Max Fiedler in the concert hall, Arturo Toscanini, Alfred Hertz, and Cleofonte Campanini (for ten performances) in the opera house. Operatically, we are as far ahead of Berlin as Berlin is ahead of us in choral music. Doubtless the Berlin Opera devotes more time to rehearsing than our Metropolitan does; but, after all, three rehearsals, with the world's greatest singers in the cast, lead to better results than thirty rehearsals with mediocre artists. We send young singers to Germany to get an education and experience, and the successful ones we promptly claim again as our own.

This has been the situation for years, and now a new humiliation confronts Europe. We are getting, as usual, not only the best foreign singers, in addition to our own, but the leading composers are beginning to honor us by giving our Metropolitan Opera House the privilege of first staging their new works, and, in addition, they cross the ocean to superintend their production personally, thereby emphasizing the compliment they pay us. Probably the première of "Madama Butterfly" would not have been a failure in New York, as it was in Milan; consequently Puccini is taking no chances with his "Girl of the Golden West," but puts it into the hands of his countrymen, Caruso and Toscanini; while Humperdinck, for similar reasons, gives us the first opportunity to hear his "Children of Kings."

Next year it is likely that several other composers for whose new or forthcoming operas the Metropolitan has acquired the sole producing rights for this country—Debussy, Charpentier, Leroux, Salvayre, and Ravel—will cross the ocean to see them launched. The time may come when these visiting composers may feel tempted to make New York their headquarters, just as, for a number of decades, the leading Italian and German composers made Paris their field of activity. The French school of grand opera was built largely by four Italians—Lulli, Rossini, Cherubini, Spantini—and two Germans—Gluck and Meyerbeer—while a third German, Offenbach, was chiefly responsible for the world-wide vogue of French opera bouffe. The great opera composers whom France herself produced learned much from these resident foreigners. Why should not history repeat itself?

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, now sole manager of the Metropolitan Opera House (Andreas Dippel having been transferred to Chicago), showed courage in beginning the season with so serious a work as "Armide" on what is supposed to be more a social than a musical occasion. Gluck's opera, though first produced in 1777, had never been sung in America, and the infrequency of its performance, even in Paris and Berlin, must have made it clear to the manager that it probably would not make a strong appeal to modern taste. However, he had at his command a bigger cast than Gluck could have dreamed of—a cast including Caruso, Fremstad, Homer, Amato, Gluck, Gilly, Reiss, De Segurola—and funds sufficient to provide scenic marvels calculated to hypnotize the spectators into a fairy-tale mood in which they would more readily overlook the foolishness of the libretto. Quinault's libretto, which Lully had already set to music a century before Gluck, has for its heroine a Saracen princess, who, with the aid of sorcery, first attempts to kill and then to win the love of the Crusader Renaud, who is the hero of Tasso's "Jerusalem Liberated." He succumbs for a while, but is rescued by two other knights, who, with magic sceptre and shield, overcome Armide's magic arts. Much of Gluck's music is as antiquated as this style of plot, and it cannot be said that there is as much melodic invention in this, his last opera but two, as there is in his "Orfeo," written fifteen years sooner. In its splendidly realistic choruses, however, and in some of its recitatives, it foreshadows modern developments surprisingly. For us it is difficult to realize what an audacious operatic novelty "Armide" must have been in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. To Gluck's contemporaries it seemed as revolutionary and as much music of the future as Wagner's "Lohengrin" did to the Germans in 1850.

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The literary works of Wagner, thirty-five in number, which are not included in the "Gesamtausgabe," have been edited by Dr. Julius Kapp, and will be published shortly by Schuster & Loeffler.

Mme. Sembrich will present at her second recital in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday afternoon, December 6, a unique programme, on which she has been engaged for several years. It will be made up entirely of the folk-songs of various peoples, beginning with the days of early Greece, and presenting specimens of such songs in every nation. Mme. Sembrich will sing these numbers in their original tongue. With many of them she is familiar, as she speaks fluently Polish, Russian, German, Italian, French, and English, while she has studied the others with natives of the countries from which the songs were selected.

The executive committee of the Symphony Concerts for Young People announces the scheme of the concerts for the thirteenth season. The first, fourth, and fifth programmes will illustrate the symphonic development of music by the German, French, and Slavic nations, and will show how the national character, history, and environment have influenced the music. The sixth concert will be a spring festival of symphonic dances, in which the music of the symphonies which breathe the spirit of spring and flowers and the influences of nature will be interpreted by professional dancers in costume. On December 17, "The Children at Bethlehem," a Christmas mystery play by Gabriel Pierné, will be presented with scenery, costumes, chorus of children, singers, and orchestra. The third concert will be devoted to the old negro melodies sung by Miss Kitty Cheatham, who has made a thorough study of these wonderful songs, now fast disappearing.

The Oratorio Society will revive Eduard Grell's "Solemn Mass" at its opening concert, Tuesday evening, December 6, at Carnegie Hall. This famous setting of the church office, though written by a modern composer in 1863, is in the contrapuntal style of three hundred years earlier.

Paderewski was the chief speaker at the Chopin centenary celebration at Lemberg, a few weeks ago, which was attended by members of the Polish nobility and by eminent men from other countries, among them Alma Tadema and Jules Claretie. The pith of Paderewski's remarks is given in these words:

> We Polish musicians are the children of one father, Chopin. But he is a tree the branches of which reach to the sky, whereas we are mere twigs. He was the greatest of Polish patriots, for in the tones created by him we hear the wild cry for freedom, for liberation from the chains of thraldom. Therefore, all honor to him, because he not only introduced his country's music with his strains into the world of art, but also demonstrated to all mankind by his works that Bismarck's assertion that there is no culture in Poland is untrue. As surely as there is a heaven there is a Polish culture, and in the name of this culture and of Chopin I shout, "Long live Poland!"

It is reported that the directorship of the Vienna Hofoper will be held by Weingartner until March, 1911, when he will be succeeded by Hans Gregor, now director of the Berlin Komische Opera.

Art.

JOHN LA FARGE.

Even to those who have known the feeble condition of Mr. La Farge for the past half year the notice of his death on Monday, at the Butler Hospital, in Providence, R. I., will bring the shock that accompanies all great losses. Mr. La Farge was born in New York city in 1835. His father was an officer in the French navy, who drifted to America in 1806, and married a Miss Birsse de St. Victor, cousin of the celebrated French critic. Her father, a miniature painter of some talent, gave his grandson his first lessons in drawing.

When a young man he found himself in Paris with a desire to try his hand at painting, and he procured a letter of introduction to Couture, who soon recognized his American pupil's originality, and advised him to go away and study by himself. "Your place," he said, "is not among these students. They have no ideas. They imitate me. They are all trying to be little Coutures." Up to this time Mr. La Farge had not definitely made up his mind what profession to follow, although his education had been legal more than anything else. He returned home and entered a lawyer's office, and it was many years before he ceased to struggle against his destiny. At length he found a friend and master in William Hunt, whom he followed to Newport, R. I. Hunt had been a pupil of Jean François Millet, and was the first interpreter of the French school in this country. In 1860 La Farge married Miss Margaret Perry, a granddaughter of Commodore Perry of the battle of Lake Erie fame, and they made their home in Newport.

From 1859 to 1870 Mr. La Farge was engaged in illustrating "Enoch Arden" and Browning's "Men and Women" for the *Riverside Magazine*. He had become a great admirer of Japanese art long before that art was generally known in this country, and his work showed the Japanese influence. Among the illustrations, which were drawn on wood, was The Wolf-Charmer. Years afterward, when he was in Japan, a copy of this drawing was shown to him in the studio of a well-known Japanese artist, who greeted him as the "Wolf Man," and said: "You must have painted this with a Japanese brush."

While he was at work on these illustrations his sense of color was developing, and his mind was bending toward decorative work. He was a friend of H. H. Richardson, the architect, who obtained the order for building Trinity Church, Boston, in 1876, and engaged La Farge to do the decorations. This work was just completed when Mr. La Farge was asked to decorate St. Thomas's, in New York, which he did with the Three Marys at the Tomb, and Christ and the Magdalene, which were destroyed when St. Thomas's was burned. These and The Ascension, in the Church of the Ascension, in Fifth Avenue, were his principal religious mural decorations.

It is probable, however, that he will owe his lasting fame to his stained-glass windows. In that particular branch of art he was a pioneer, for he invented a new kind of glass, and he had to give his personal attention to the making of the material from the beginning. When he was visiting England in 1872, he was attracted by some stained-glass of Burne-Jones. On his return home he was invited to design a window. He had remarked that the English artist's work had ceased improving; that the modelling of form was merely the copying of a delicate and often a weak drawing. The designer had become separated from his workmen, so that, however beautiful his designs might be, the results were not satisfactory. He made up his mind that he would follow the design through its entire course of manufacture. The situation he described as follows:

> There were no good painters on glass, even of a fairly low degree, and the choice of glass was extremely limited. We received here only the poorer and less artistic samples of material, the better being culled by the good European workers, and moreover, as all importations were commercial, they were made, as they always are, to appeal to the largest and widest mediocrity of taste.

In the course of an illness he amused himself by combining various tones of glass by "plating," that is, placing sheets of different colors one over the other. A soap dish, made of glass in imitation of white china, stood on the window sill. It was an imperfect piece, that is, it was not strictly opaque as white china, is, but was opalescent. He noticed the beauty of quality it gained by being imperfect, and also that when it stood alongside what is known as "pot-metal," the ordinary stained glass, this opalescent quality caused it to take on the suggestion of a complementary color in harmony with that of the piece of pot-metal, so that when associated with a piece of violet glass it showed a golden yellow, a pink flush when laid on a piece of green glass. It occurred to Mr. La Farge that to obtain the diversity of form and the shadows in colored glass, then done by painting, it would only be necessary to have this opalescent glass made first without color and then with variations of color. In 1878 Mr. La Farge made what is probably his most important work of this class, the so-called Battle Window in the Memorial Hall at Cambridge, Mass. He used in it almost every variety of glass, and even precious stones, such as amethysts. Most of his windows were built up with leads after the usual fash-

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ion. Towards the end of his life he tried fusing the patterns together without leads, or joining the glass by thin filaments of metal fused to the glass and plated on—a variation of *cloisonné*. Of these experiments the most remarkable was the Peacock Window now in the Worcester Art Museum.

But Mr. La Farge was not only a painter and a maker of windows. He was a man of literary instincts as well, as was shown by his letters from Japan. His most esteemed book is "Considerations on Painting," a suggestive but difficult work. He published also two volumes of essays on the old masters, and one on the Barbizon school, entitled "The Higher Life in Art." His mind, almost to the end, was alert to respond, and readers of the *Nation* will remember the letters he contributed on various subjects not many months ago. He was also an occasional reviewer in these pages.

For a generation, indeed, he has been the most salient artistic personality in America. In culture no artist since the Renaissance has surpassed him. Through his acquaintance and by the charm of his wisdom—he was one of the most delightful talkers of his time—he exercised a powerful influence upon other artists and upon cultured America generally. His books carried where his finely modulated voice could not reach, and had he painted nothing, had he never made his beautiful inventions in stained glass, he would still be remembered beside Charles Eliot Norton as an æsthete and, in a manner, a moralist.

As a prophet his quality was peculiar. Our pathfinders of the spirit have almost invariably been of a single type—the Puritan. Emerson, Lowell, Norton—in all of these there has been a marked strain of other-worldliness. None of this in John La Farge. He accepted the world blandly and with shrewd sagacity, somewhat in the spirit of those Jesuit fathers from whom he received his first instruction. He represented to us the mellowness of the Catholic civilizations of Europe, and his subsequent study of Eastern philosophies merely confirmed him in a kind of gentle pragmatism. Mankind was his subject, and he found it unfailingly engrossing. The sages of Japan and the mild aborigines of the Pacific passed under his observation. From both he learned much, and of both he made some of his most brilliant pictorial records. Few men of our time have combined so universal a curiosity with so complete a tolerance, and such opportunities for contact with the simplest and with the most sophisticated of men. To this first-hand knowledge he added extraordinary reading in poetry and philosophy. Thus he was, in the Baconian sense, a "full man"; his slightest talk readily veered to the greatest issues, and while he abjured philosophies, he abounded in concrete and picturesque wisdom. He was one of the great talkers, and it is to be hoped that some record of his oral wisdom has been kept.

In his art the scholarly and retrospective cast of his mind was possibly a limited good. It may have been more valuable to us, as a link with the past, an induction to the study of the great styles, than it was to him. With his range of memories it was inevitable that the appeal of other men's art should be as strong as that of nature itself. He retained, then, despite great gifts as a colorist and master of monumental design, a sort of eclectic quality which may make against the permanency of his fame. It is possible that he was greater as a man and a pervading influence than as a painter. And yet when one recalls the thousands of beautiful and scholarly designs, all marked by a certain largeness, that he has left behind, one is reduced to simple gratitude. In a day of small things, a great and well-rounded personality has expressed itself both in paint and in words; and somehow by this simple fact the commonplaceness that affects so much of our art and literature seems offset. In a very true sense, the astute worldling, John La Farge, stood like Athanasius against the world.

For his extraordinarily successful inventions in stained glass he is sure to be remembered. He brought back the glow and sparkle of mediæval glass, and added resources of depth and opalescence undreamed of by the early artisans. To dignify this new and lovely material, he contributed many of his best designs. Purists say that these were too pictorial, preferring the more conventional patterns of the Gothic tradition. We think the fairer way is to take them quite frankly as gorgeous translucent pictures. How remarkable they are may be realized simply by comparing any of the numerous faithful imitations with a fine La Farge window. In connection with this work and with the mural painting which he practised assiduously, he revived the old system of the studio as a populous workshop. So commanding was his personality that he made very able men his mouthpieces. Their work is completely merged with his, and sometimes they cannot even identify their own contributions to great compositions. Wherever Mr. La Farge was, his leadership was acknowledged. At every point his distinguished career confirmed the truth that it is the man of imagination who is the real man of action.

As one takes leave of this great spirit, visions of his works are haunting. Strange fairy-tale people pass by, grave saints and benign philosophers, flowers shimmer in an opalescent mist as they never do on earth, palms wave beyond blue water, serrated ridges cut into the upper blue, below brown savages solemnly perform strange rites and dances. One would gladly rest a while and muse in the quiet Church of the Ascension which his imagination has made one of the most appealing personal monuments. But the glory of paint and glass fades from the mind as one recalls a quiet, rather quizzical voice, an elusive measuring glance, and lips that dispensed that experience which is beauty and that fantasy which is highest wisdom.

We have already noticed Johanna Kanolt's useful little "Guide through the Old Pinakothek of Munich," and now merely record its appearance in an English translation by Clara Hellwig, with twenty-four illustrations. (Munich: Heinrich Jaffe.)

"Landscape and Figure Composition," by Sadakichi Hartmann (Baker & Taylor) is a collection of plain and practical papers written originally for the *Photographic Times*. These counsels are primarily for photographers, and for this reason crowded figure compositions are not considered. The method is that of proceeding from the underlying relation of lines and masses to the pictorial effect. Many diagrams and reproductions of modern pictures are given, and the author's criticism of such current work is interesting, and usually judicious.

The celebrated animal painter, François Vuagnat, died recently at Geneva, the city where he was born.

The death is reported from Copenhagen of Julius J. Exner, professor of arts at the Academy of Fine Arts. He was born in 1825.

Finance.

AN "AFTER-ELECTION MARKET."

On the Stock Exchange, the day before the voting of November 8, Steel common shares sold 12½ points above their price at October's opening. Reading had risen 8⅜ points, Union Pacific 10⅛, St. Paul 4⅝, Amalgamated Copper 6¼. October's routine news had been either of negative character or distinctly unfavorable; therefore Wall Street's assertion that the action of prices was a "preëlection boom" was reasonable. On Monday before election, the strong drift of expectation was that the outside public would show great enthusiasm at a Democratic victory, especially at a victory in New York.

Some parts of this expectation did not come to pass, but the Democratic landslide did. When the House of Representatives, held for sixteen years by good-sized Republican pluralities, was turned over to the Democrats by a majority of more than fifty; when all the great "pivotal States" swung over to the Opposition—Ohio and New Jersey polling the largest Democratic majority in their history—and when even such famous Republican strongholds as Iowa and Pennsylvania were barely saved from a similar fate, there could be no doubt

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of a Democratic landslide, and of a landslide of such proportions as has occurred only four times in the past half-century. Wall Street's predictions were fulfilled.

But the stock market did not respond as Wall Street had imagined. After the news of Tuesday's voting, Wednesday's market opened here very close to Monday's level, then crumbled rapidly away. Such losses were made, on that day and the next, as 5¼ points in Steel, 5⅛ in Union Pacific, 5⅝ in Reading, and 5½ in St. Paul. Some stocks lost all of their October rise.

There were various explanations. The election had been "overdiscounted." The prophets had forgotten that the election-week booms of 1908 and 1904 occurred on the basis of 2 per cent. money and plethoric bank reserves, neither of which exists to-day. There had been too much company in the October rise, and too many "tips" to sell on Wednesday. Finally, Wall Street had so converged its mind on the "Roosevelt issue" as to forget the uncertainties involved in a general landslide. Such was the week's philosophy.

The last of these "arguments" is the only one which calls for serious financial consideration. It is true that great victories sometimes go to a party's head; they did so with the English Liberals, after their sweeping victory of January, 1906; they did so with our own Democratic party after November, 1892. But it must also be observed that Wall Street, after receiving the election news, appeared to forget its own pet reassurance of the past few months, to the effect that a Democratic House, pitted against a Republican Senate and President, could do nothing definite, and hence would make for peace. In so far as that consideration ever had any force, it still remains.

But apart from all such purely political considerations, it is possible to attach more importance than is warranted to the break on the Stock Exchange after election. If prices declined when election results were known, they had at all events risen with equal violence beforehand, in expectation of those results; and in processes of this sort, the Wall Street of to-day has its eccentricities.

There are three reasons why a political election is a favorite "argument" for the Stock Exchange. One, and not the least important, is that it happens on a stated date. The Wall Street temperament is not such as to be satisfied with assurances that its health will be better in a month or two, or that it must be careful for several weeks in order to escape relapse. The doctor who gets Wall Street's fee is the practitioner who says, "You are pretty sick; I find numerous symptoms of chronic disorder; but on Wednesday, at 10 A. M., you will be restored to perfect health, and can diet and riot as you choose." Another reason for the election argument's popularity is that things sometimes happen as a result of an election. There have been elections when the success of one candidate might have decreed disunion for the United States, or unlimited greenbacks, or resumption of specie payments, or free coinage of silver, or prosperity of which he was the advance agent, or a war of classes, or a boom in stocks.

The third reason makes an even stronger appeal to the speculative temper; because, while no one can surely know beforehand whether these results are predestined by a given electoral vote or not, it will at any rate be possible forever afterward to declare that such subsequent events as did occur were caused by the election. This reasoning is familiar; it may even be used so courageously—on Wall Street, in Congress, and on the stump—as to declare, fifteen years afterward, that the sequel of 1894 was witnessed in 1893. Chronology, indeed, which plays small part in political reasoning, may be made to play as little in finance. Every one knows that the only reason why the financial reaction of 1910 was not caused by the Supreme Court's decision in the Oil and Tobacco cases was that the decision had not been handed down. But no evasion like that is possible for elections. Elections occur when the law prescribes, and if the community's mood is opportune, it can be shown that they caused whatever happened afterward, if not what happened before.

This being so, it may seem strange that Wall Street, having industriously pinned its faith to a sort of financial Christmas stocking which was to come with the vote of November 8, should have switched about on November 9, and proceeded to break the market. But the trouble lay, very largely, in the high pitch to which our speculating millionaires have carried the process of anticipating events through Stock Exchange operations, two or three weeks ahead. It is difficult to imagine how this process can be carried very much further without reversing all the usual methods of inference from a rise or fall in stocks. A financial market where prices should habitually advance on announcement of unpleasant news, and break when the news was favorable, would properly belong to such a world as Bernard Shaw or W. S. Gilbert pictures; yet we have latterly come pretty close to such a market, when Stock Exchange prices rose violently in October on news of a really unfavorable nature from the London money market and the American steel trade.

Perhaps, therefore, it will never be susceptible of convincing proof, whether or not last week's "after-election break" meant that the financial community was dissatisfied with the electoral results. If it did mean dismay and fright, then there would at least be presented the interesting spectacle of Wall Street, after helping along that result by voting Democratic Tuesday, and while cheering heartily on Wednesday over the actual news, resorting simultaneously to the Stock Exchange to express its disapproval.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, J. J. Jimmy. St. Louis: The Author.
American Jewish Historical Society Publications. No. 19.
Ashdown, Mrs. C. H. British Costume During XIX Centuries. (Civil and Ecclesiastical.) Stokes.
Benson, A. C. The Silent Isle. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Boyles, K. and V. D. The Spirit Trail. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.
Braden, J. A. The Auto Boys' Quest. Akron, O.: Saalfield Pub. Co. $1.
Bradley, A. C. Collection of Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association. Frowde.
Bradley, C. Good Sport with Famous Packs, 1885-1910. Dutton. $5 net.
Brown, D. W. The Commercial Power of Congress. Putnam. $2 net.
Burns, E. E. The Story of Great Inventions. Harper. $1.25.
Burrage, C. New Facts Concerning John Robinson, Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers. Frowde.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Vols. V and VI. Putnam. $2.50 each.
Camp, W. The Book of Football. Century Co. $2 net.
Child R. W. Jim Hands. Macmillan. $1.50.
Cohen, H. Talmudic Sayings. Bloch Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Coman, K. The Industrial History of the United States. New edition, revised. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Coolidge, D. Hidden Water. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Davenport, E. Domesticated Animals and Plants. Boston: Ginn.
Davis, E. W. The Imaginary in Geometry. Reprinted from the University Studies, Lincoln, Neb.
Deutsch, G. The History of the Jews. Bloch Pub. Co. 60 cents.
Dodd, W. F. The Revision and Amendment of State Constitutions. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Dumas. Pages Choisies. Edited by B. L. Templeton. Frowde.
Edwards, D. M. The Toll of the Arctic Seas. Holt. $2.50 net.
"Fiona Macleod" (William Sharp). Poems and Dramas. Duffield. $1.50 net.
Foord, A. S. Springs, Streams, and Spas of London. Stokes.
Fraser E. Bellerophon. Stokes.
Fraser, G. Crow-Step: a Romance of Gowanus Canal. Witter & Kintner. $1.50.
Frost, W. D., and McCampbell, E. F. A Text-Book of General Bacteriology. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Gaskell, Mrs. Sylvia's Lovers. London: Bell.
Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer; The Good-Natured Man (illustrated). Putnam. $2.50 net each.
Gordon, S. P. Birds of the Loch and Mountain. Cassell.
Gratacap, L. P. The Mayor of New York. Dillingham. $1.50.
Graves, C. L. Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Grayson, D. Adventures in Friendship. Doubleday, Page. $1.25.
Grimshaw, B. The New New Guinea. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Hardy's The Mayor of Casterbridge. Harper. $1.25.
Hare, A. The Wollopors. Pictures by H. L. Miller. Akron, O.: Saalfield Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Harland, M. Where Ghosts Walk: the Haunts of Familiar Characters in History and Literature. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Harshbarger, J. A. Gentleman Don: the Life Story of a Dog. Topeka, Kan.; Crane & Co. $1 net.

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Hegner, R. W. An Introduction to Zoölogy. Macmillan. $1.90 net.
Helm, G. Die Grundlehren der Höheren Mathematik. Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft.
Hobson, R. L. Worcester Porcelain. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Jane, L. C. From Metternich to Bismarck. Frowde. $1.10.
Jenner, Mrs. H. Our Lady in Art. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Kueffner, L. M. The Development of the Historic Drama. University of Chicago Press. 54 cents.
Lang, A. Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy. Longmans.
Latin Literature of the Early Empire. Selections edited by A. C. B. Brown. Part A. Frowde. $1.10.
Lewis, E. S. The Little Singer and Other Verses. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Lounsberry, A. Gardens Near the Sea. Stokes. $4.20 net.
Lyons, A. Neil. Cottage Pie. Lane. $1.50.
McFadyen, J. E. The Book of the Prophecies of Isaiah. Macmillan. 90 cents net.
Maclay, E. S. A Youthful Man-o'-Warsman. Greenlawn, N. Y.: Navy Blue Co.
Marik, J. W. Schwund im Mittel- und Frühneuenglischen. Vienna: Braumüller.
Martin, E. S. The Luxury of Children. Harper. $1.50.
Merrington, M. Holiday Plays: Five One-Act Pieces. Duffield.
Mr. Pickwick: Pages from the Pickwick Papers, illustrated in color by Frank Reynolds. Doran.
Mitford, M. R. Our Village. Introduction by A. T. Ritchie. Illustrated. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Montgomery, F. T. Billy Whiskers Kidnaped. Akron, O.: Saalfield Pub. Co. $1.
Monypenny, W. F. The Life of Benjamin Disraeli. Vol I. Macmillan. $3 net.
More, P. E. Shelburne Essays. Seventh Series. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Morris, W. A. The Frankpledge System. Longman's.
Murray, J. T. English Dramatic Companies, 1558-1642. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $7.50 net.
O'Reilly, E. B. Heroic Spain. Duffield. $2.50 net.
Pater, W. Greek Studies. Macmillan. $2 net.
Platt, T. C. Autobiography. Dodge & Co. $5 net.
Plummer, M. W. Stories from the Chronicle of the Cid. Holt. 90 cents net.
Priestman, M. T. Artistic Homes; Handicrafts in the Home. Chicago: McClurg. $2 each.
Redmond. J. Home Rule: Speeches, edited by R. B. O'Brien. Stokes.
Report of the Tenement House Supervision, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909. Trenton: State of New Jersey.
Reports of the Commissions of the World Missionary Conference. 9 vols. Revell. 75 cents net, each.
Rexford, E. E. Pansies and Rosemary. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Rogers, J. E. Earth and Sky Every Child Should Know. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.
Schmucker, S. C. Under the Open Sky. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It, The Tempest. Edited, with notes, by G. S. Gordon. Frowde.
Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet, with illustrations by W. G. Simmonds. Doran.
Shoemaker, M. M. Islam Lands. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Silburn, P. A. The Governance of Empire. Longmans.
Storer, E. Peter the Cruel. Lane. $4 net.
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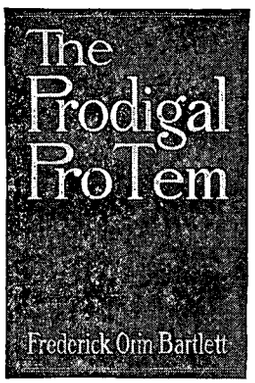

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